

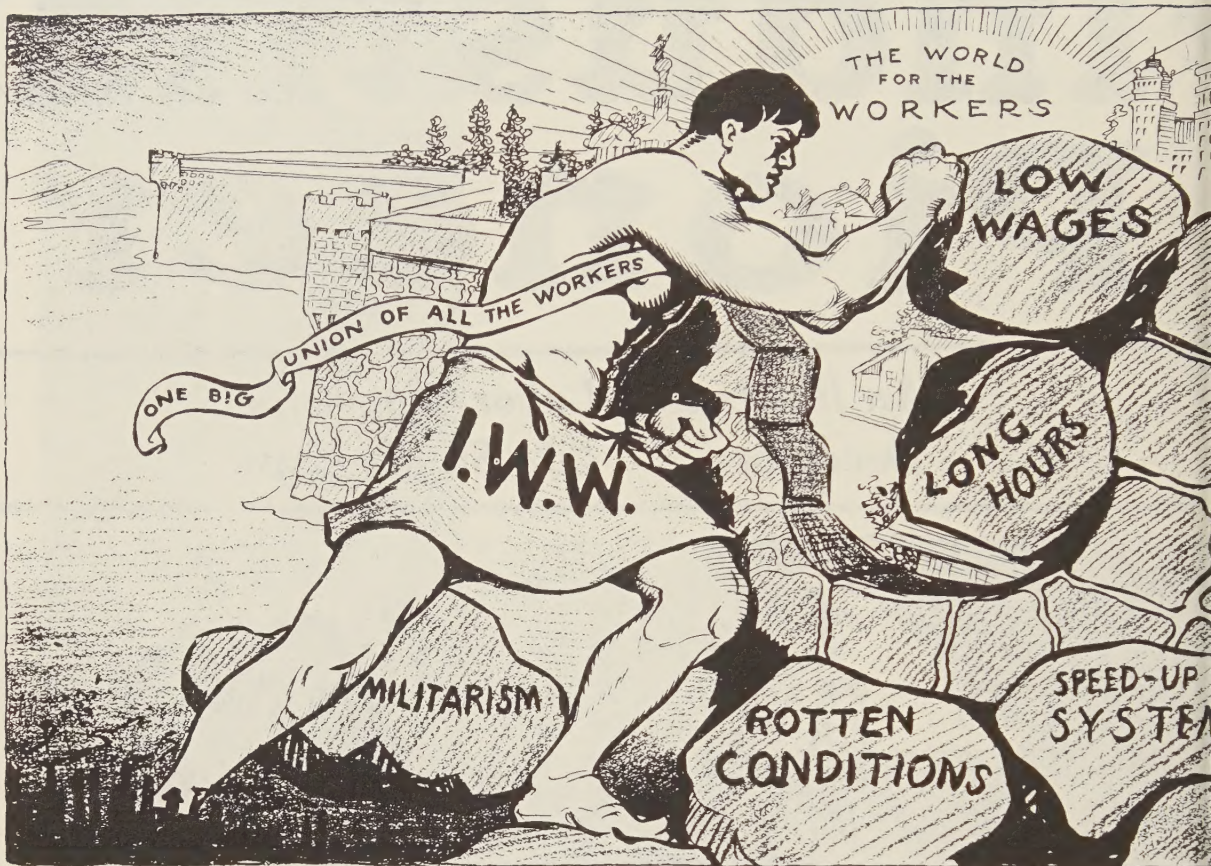
the Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine
December = 20c Single Copy



CHRISTMAS IN THE U. S. A.

"Peace on Earth - Good Will Towards Men"



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system".

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

A Wobbly's Birthday

By MIKE GOLD
(By Permission of The Plebs)



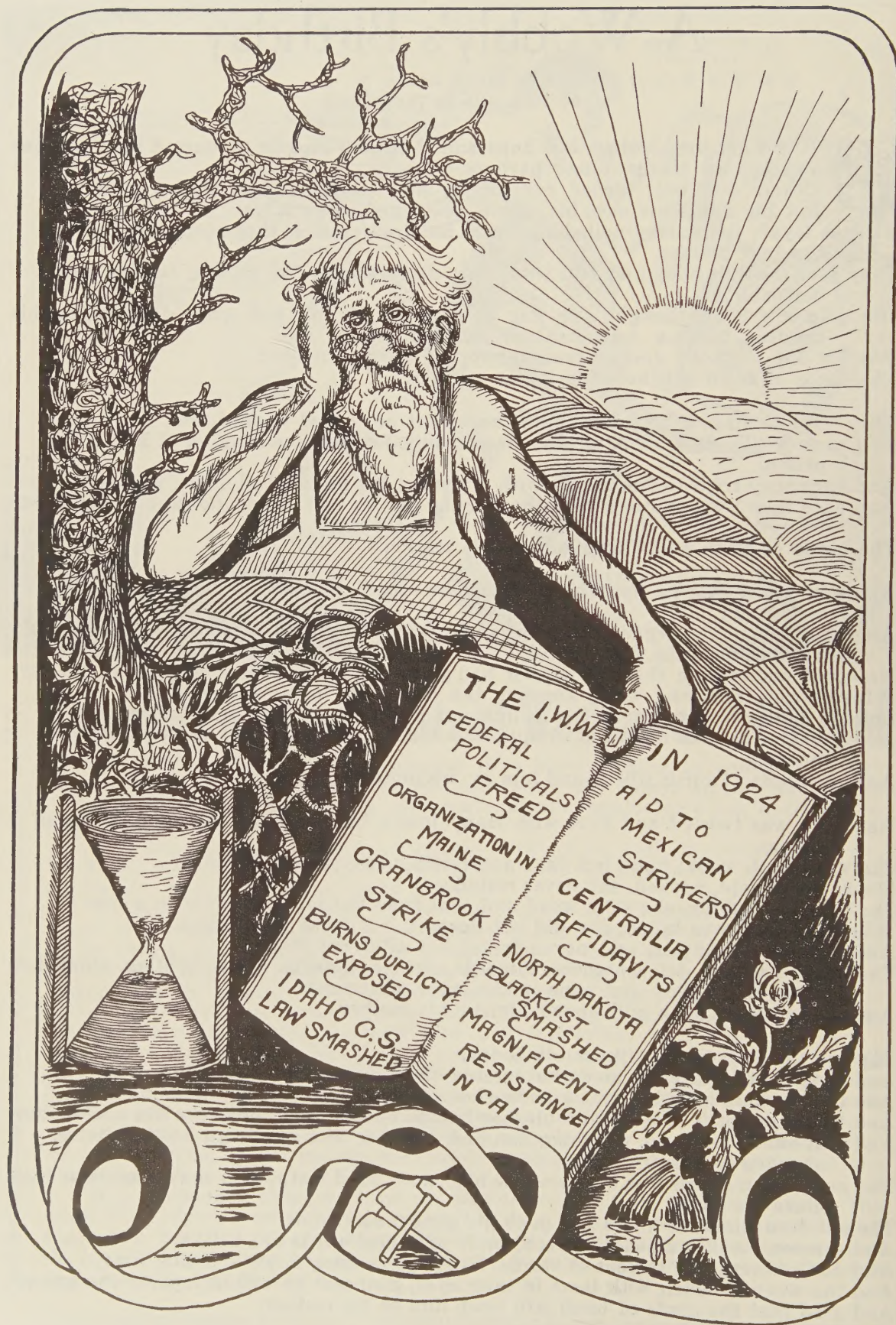
THEIRS got tired, others lost hope and shut their mouths or started little garages
and grocery stores, found harbors of peace,
Others sold out, turned respectable labor leader, or politician or foreman,
But Big Joe never shut his mouth, or turned respectable.
He was loyal; the enemy nailed him to a hundred crosses, they strangled him in a
hundred prisons,
They spattered his body and soul with their machine-gun fire of lies, beating and
persecutions,
His quieter friends thought Joe was wasting his life, his wife grew discouraged, his
children became Americanized and left him,
But Big Joe Connolly could never desert the labor movement,
The cords of birth still held him to his mother.

They tried to make a foreman of him once, but he turned them down.
And once a silly District Attorney tried to buy Joe, but Joe laughed at him in the
prison.
And once they tried to frame him with a woman but he laughed at the woman.
And once they tried to lynch him, they strung him up and let him down, but they never
made him show the yellow,
The cords of birth still bound him to his mother.

He never knew why he was loyal, or why he would rather die than desert the labor
movement.
And thinkers would argue with him, and try to understand his passion, but he could
not explain it to them.
He could not explain that his mother had given him birth on the stormy sea of poverty,
Where strong men had wept, knowing the bitter fate before the child,
But his mother's faith shone like a light on a rock,
And she bred him to manhood, despite the black midnights and steep waves of
poverty,
And the cords of birth still bound him to his mother.

Her back was twisted and bent with many loads, her hands scarred by a thousand
labors.
She was small, weak, kind, but dark and terrible as a jaguar at times;
She sewed, swept, cooked, she never rested,
She took in washing, she stole wood and coal from the railroad yards in winter.
When her man was killed, she did not despair, but went on fighting,
And Big Joe loved her, and never forgot her after she died,
The years went by, jail-sentences, discords, strikes, defeats, spies, fighting, thirty-five
years of tragedy and hope in the labor movement,
And the cords of birth still bound him to his mother.

Big Joe Connolly is fifty years old today,
And it is thirty-five years since he entered the labor movement.
And the workers have brought a horse-shoe of blood-red roses to the union hall,
And they present it to Joe, who blushes behind his big grey moustache like a schoolboy,
And they shake his hand, punching him and hugging him like huge brother bears,
showing him their rough love,
The pretty young girls kiss him, and the big, slow, kind mothers in shawls smile as they
clasp his hand,
The children climb his knees and grab his arms for affection,
And someone makes a rough speech, built of honest words like bricks,
And Joe answers in a torrent of words, like logs pouring down a Maine river,
And the workers listen with tears in their eyes, glad that he will be loyal to the grave,
And glad that the cords of birth still bind him to his mother.



THE I.W.W. IN 1924

FEDERAL POLITICALS FREED ORGANIZATION IN MAINE CRANBROOK STRIKE BURNS DUPLICITY EXPOSED IDAHO C.S. LAW SMASHED	IN 1924 AID TO MEXICAN STRIKERS CENTRALIA AFFIDAVITS NORTH DAKOTA BLACKLIST SMASHED MAGNIFICENT RESISTANCE IN CAL.
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THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by VERN SMITH

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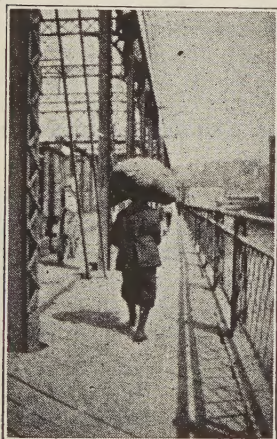
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The Burden Bearers

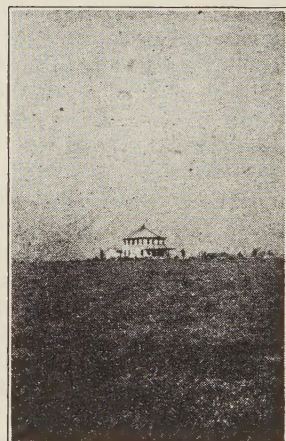
A Few Black Flashes

By VERN SMITH



Some Aspects of Present-Day Negro Slavery

SECTION I. THE WHITE TERROR



The "Big House"

FIRST of all, there is a negro problem, a race problem. It is a miserable nuisance. More than that, it is a crime and leads to crime. That would not be so bad, if it were not for the human suffering, terrible and unforgivable human misery and cruelty, involved. You will hardly be able to read the newspaper for a single day without some evidence of the more spectacular sort of pain and terror being impressed upon you. Some negro is lynched, or nearly lynched, or has his house burned, or is ejected from a white restaurant, or whipped or threatened with burning at the stake, every day, in the United States of America. This is merely the surface of the thing. This is the part that is "news." Down underneath, in drab, perhaps uninteresting ways, there must be running a broad current of horror, fear, cruelty, misery, subjection. It stands to reason that there is far more actual pain inflicted on a far greater number of people in this every-day subjection and repression, than in the (relatively) few actual cases of mob violence that come to the front and get into the newspapers. Only a personal investigation, and a careful one, could get at the matter; you would not ordinarily find the intimate sorrows thrown at you.

In 1921, as many a reader will remember, there was a period of unemployment throughout the whole of America. Having no job, and a little saved up wages, I felt the urge to travel through the Old South, which I knew was, industrially, fifty years behind the times, and see what last century looked like, and what they were doing to the negroes anyway.

The negroes live in the South. About ninety percent of them live in the states known as "The Old South," Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi,

Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia.

My trip took me on foot, really on foot, no railroads, and very few "lifts," from New Orleans north along the new highway to Meridian, Miss., from there eastward over well travelled roads to Montgomery, Ala., and from there to Atlanta, Ga., Columbia, S. C., Greensboro, N. C., and Richmond, Va. This is a pretty fair cross section of the South, except that it omits the rice swamps of the Atlantic coast and the sugar cane section of

the Gulf coast. It does take in the timber country of Louisiana and Mississippi, where the cypress logs come from, and the cotton district of Alabama and Georgia, and the tobacco country of the Carolinas and of Virginia. And these are the main industries of the South.

Now it would be quite impossible to give you an adequate idea of the situation by describing this route, day by day. Generalizations are dull. Probably the easiest way to get an impression, or a general idea of the situation, is to pick out illustrative incidents, some of them so illuminating, that like flashes of light on a photographic plate they stick, they change something chemically, and they leave their picture behind them forever.

* * *

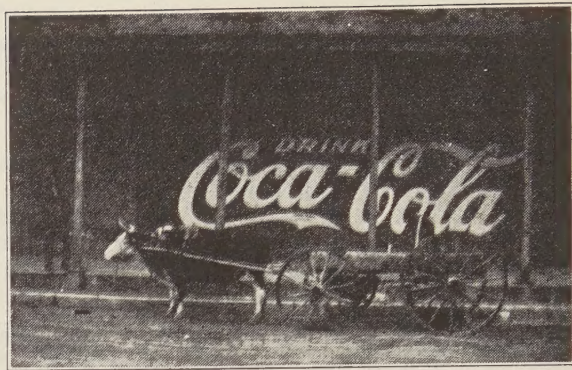
The first of these flashes was in New Orleans. There I met a girl, the daughter of an old French family, that had fought through the American Revolutionary war, and lost good blood, and fought again through the Civil War, and lost most of the family, and had been ruined by losing, as all the "best people" of the South did lose, "that species of property known as slaves." She trotted me around to all the parish socials, and took me to Easter services in St. Patricks, where you can see a statue of the good saint that was brought from Rome. He has a fence all around him, to prevent too many affectionate embraces from too religious Catholics. (New Orleans is all Catholic). But there is a hole in the fence, through which the saintly toe projects, for people to kiss. They have already worn away the toe-nail with their kisses. But this is a digression, and shows merely the hold of superstition on the "best people" of that part of the South.

In other parts of the South they horsewhip Catholics out of town, and would as soon kiss St. Patrick's toe as the devil, but there they have other superstitions.

Now to show the position of the negro. One day I came to see this young lady, and the negro maid went up to announce me. I had called at that house perhaps a dozen times, and the negro girl probably knew of but one word with which to designate such persistence. I heard her say, loud enough to sound down the old carved staircase to me, sitting below, "Miss Cam-meel, yo' beau's heah."

I'm sure she meant no disrespect. But she certainly learned that there are things about the affairs of young white ladies that the colored race may **not** take cognizance of. There was the sound of a loud blow, and then the sound of other blows, and heavy breathing from the exertion of applying them, suppressed weeping and threats, and orders to be silent. I don't know what the maid was beaten **with**, but when I saw her face with the marks still upon it the next day, I can vouch for the fact that she was beaten thoroughly.

Meanwhile, my lady came down, quite smiling and collected, though just a little bit apprehensive



Locomotion In The South

as to whether I might not have heard the remark about "beaus." After a careful question or two, she proved to herself, as she thought, that she was safe on that point, and then she passed the whole affair off with an excuse for her flushed cheeks. She had been forced, she said, to "put that black girl in her place," and it had "upset her." She didn't object to my knowing she beat the black girl, as long as I didn't know why.

* * *

North of New Orleans, near the Mississippi border, a genial person picked me up in his buggy. Yes, down there they have lots of horses and buggies. There are automobiles too, but a good many of those belong to northern tourists. Your Southerner sticks to his good old nag and the four-wheeled buggy. This man said he was a doctor, whether horse or man he did not specify, and I delicately avoided asking. I led the conversation onto the negro question, and my host declared it didn't exist. "We got 'em sca'hed," he explained. "Yo got to keep 'em sca'hed." That's the way the Ku (he pronounced it "Q") Klux Klan wuhks. Plays on the supi'stitions of the stoopid niggahs. I 'clare, yo'd be suhprised how supisti-tious a niggah is—any niggah.

"Yo' see that tree ovah theah—that dead one? That's wheah we hanged Mary Liza. Mary Liza had some trebble with the she'iff. Ouah last she'iff was jus' one of the boys, and he sho' was fond of his niggah wenches, aluz chasin' 'em. Mary Liza put on airs—too doggone paticulah fo' a wench. Altogetheh too paticulah.

"Anyway, she stuck him one day—killed him with a butchah knife, and we had to hang heuh, Yeh, we hanged heuh on that tree.

"Well, this is what Ah was sayin'. One day Ah come by heah with my black boy, Jim. Ah says to Jim, 'Jim, if youah brave, yo' can uhn a quatah, easy.' Ah don' nevah pay Jim mo'n about two dollahs a week, so a quatah looked good to Jim; an' he said he was puhpahed fo' anything.

"So Ah says, 'Now Jim, that white spot theah undah that limb on the groun' is the last piece of eath that Mary Liza evah teched on live, an'

(Continued on page 41.)

Textiles—First Capitalized and Most Capitalized

By INDUSTRIAL PIONEER SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

IF you want an illustration of the latest developments of capitalism, just come to the textile towns of New England. There you will find another industrial revolution going on, and with it a financial evolution, that are making for enormous changes in this historic industry.

The Draper automatic loom is coming in rapidly, displacing skilled workers and enlarging the army of the unemployed. And great company mergers, engineered largely by banking interests, are centralizing the power of the owning class. Coupled with this is the movement of the industry towards the South, the new super-companies transferring much of the work to the fields of cheaper production in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Texas and Kentucky.

The writer recently visited the leading cotton and wool centers in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Everywhere he found a condition of misery that is probably not paralleled in any major industry outside of bituminous coal mining. Half the cotton workers and nearly half the wool workers are continuously unemployed and most of the rest are on a part-time basis. The average wage, even at full time, is only \$20, or thirty-odd percent less than that of the average worker in other industries.

Before discussing the tangled union situation which is largely responsible for the

pitiful condition of the textile operatives, let us take up some of the industrial changes that are victimizing the workers:

The comparatively small number of workers required to operate the great spinning and weaving rooms strikes a visitor to any of the giant cotton mills of such typical textile towns as Lawrence and Lowell, Massachusetts, or Manchester, New Hampshire. Where before the war there was one operative to every six or eight looms in the weaving rooms, one now finds the workers widely separated. From sixty to forty whirring looms are now found to each weaver. The ratio of machinery to worker is widening every month as the newer automatic looms come in.

Demotion Or Discharge

Skilled weavers who lose their old jobs are kept as helpers in some cases. An experiment is now being conducted in the Pacific Mills, a \$20,000,000 cotton corporation in Lawrence, whereby one weaver is operating 72 looms, with three assistants. The weaver who is making this test demonstration is paid a wage which is extraordinary for his trade. He is getting \$30 a week. His three assistants, former skilled weavers, get about half that.



The Spirit Of The Whole Textile And Garment Industry

In the spinning rooms new machinery is rapidly reducing the number of workers needed to produce a given amount of thread and yarn. With the changes in technique craft skill is being eliminated. For instance, the mule spinners, a once well-organized part of the craft union councils in the industry, are disappearing. New Bedford, which clings to older methods of production than some of the other towns, has one of the few mule spinners' locals still remaining.

Financial consolidation is taking place rapidly. In the last three years as many great mergers have been effected. Take the case of the Amoskeag Manufacturing corporation, which runs the town of Manchester, with its 14,000 mill operatives. This is an old company and many workers still think it is a Manchester company. But recently it was taken over by Kidder, Peabody & Co., the largest banking corporation in New England, with headquarters in Boston. The same company runs the great American Felt company, one of whose subsidiaries is the Roxbury Carpet company, which is now fighting a strike by the United Textile Workers. It also stretches its arm into other industries and a glimpse at Moody's Manual of Corporations will show the reader that it is the boss of the Waltham Watch company, where 3,000 watch workers are on strike against a wage reduction. The bankers who are taking over more and more of industry from the old "captains of industry" are concerned only with dividends. The wage reduction just posted at Manchester and the Roxbury and Waltham strikes are in line with the policy of the new control.

North and South Compete?

Go a little further south, into Rhode Island, and you will find the old-fashioned, independent manufacturer disappearing. In the Blackstone Valley, in the northern half of this tiny industrial state, the Manville-Jenckes company, a new \$39,000,000 cotton cloth concern, leads the field. Its mills beat the other plants to it, by putting a ten percent cut through two months before the election. The Manville-Jenckes company also has big plants in the Carolinas. It plays the slaves in Dixie off against the Rhode Island workers.

Again in the southern half of Rhode Island, in the Pawtuxet Valley, a great cotton mill consolidation has taken place. The B. B. & R. Knight company, with more than a half million spindles, was taken over by the Consolidated Textile Corporation, with large interests in six southern states. Still later the bond holders of the Consolidated assumed control. The bond holders are a group of big banks, chief of which is Chase National of New York City. In keeping with the bankers' psychology, a 12½ percent wage reduction is announced for two Knight mills that are reopening. All the Knight mills had been closed since April while the market was being supplied from the South. There are 19 Knight mills in all in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The new wage rates

are expected to apply to each of them as fast as they reopen, unless the workers organize resistance.

Of interest to I. W. W. readers is the name of William M. Wood, of Lawrence strike and dynamite plot infamy. Income tax reports show Wood splitting more than a half million dollars with his Uncle Sam. Wood did not take all his profits from the American Woolen company. He had his finger in other textile pies. He is chairman of the board of directors for both the Knight and Consolidated companies and on the board of directors of smaller concerns.

Many textile companies are still outside of these combinations. Particularly in the old cotton milling towns of Fall River and New Bedford is ownership still largely in the hands of the local families. But the trend towards consolidation is rapid. Fall River mills have not been getting much trade lately. More than two-thirds of its spindles are idle. The day of the independent operator seems to be passing.

Ever Notice This?

The bosses are organizing more: the workers less. That is the unfortunate situation. The feeble and confused state of textile unionism is a disgrace to the American working class. This is not a pleasant admission to make, but facts had better be faced or we will never get anywhere.

Let us take up a half dozen of the leading textile centers and look them over from the standpoint of organization. Begin at the north with the great company-controlled town of Manchester, N. H. Here is the United Textile Workers, with just about enough members to hold a charter. It led the 1922 strike and may lead another movement, but all it has today is a small nucleus. Besides it there is the new company union that has voted for the ten per cent wage cut.

Historic Lawrence

Take Lawrence, historic battleground. We all know about the great Lawrence strike of 1912, which the I. W. W. won—against the mighty American Woolen company. Today there are some wobbles in the town but no I. W. W. organization. We still remember the 1919 Lawrence strike led by the Amalgamated Textile Workers' Union. No Amalgamated organization is in Lawrence today. Again in 1922 the One Big Union furnished the leadership for most of the Lawrence strikers in the successful fight against a proposed wage cut. The One Big Union has closed its office in Lawrence, though some O. B. U.ites are still there. Small organizations of the United Textile Workers' Union and the American Federation of Textile Operatives—a still more conservative union—remain, but they are very small.

Lowell, first of all New England textile cities to use modern power-driven machinery; scene of early union efforts in the forties; battleground in 1912 of the striking I. W. W.—Lowell has just one local office, that of the loom fixers' local, affiliated with the United Textile Workers' union. This



DRIVEN OUT BY MACHINERY

The highways and byways are cluttered with old horses, displaced by motor trucks. The parks of New England are full of old, skilled men, driven out by the automatic loom. Capitalism cares no more for the one than for the other. They can both starve. Only organization can save the men. Only men secure themselves have time to think of the beasts.

union may have sixty members. There are mills where it hasn't a single member in good standing.

Fall River, with its 4,000,000 spindles, and its neighbor cotton city of New Bedford, have proportionately more union members than the others, but the card carrier is in a minority even in these cities. Their union is the American Federation of Textile Operatives, very conservative and non-militant. While the United Textile Workers, the One Big Union and the Amalgamated Textile Workers were tying up other textile centers in 1922, the American Federation of Textile Operatives kept their mills running at Fall River and New Bedford. It is true that they supplied several thousand dollars to strikers in other places, but they made infinitely more profits for their owners as a survey of the 25 and 50 per cent stock dividends of that year will show. The A. F. T. O. has been losing members during the industrial depression.

Down in Rhode Island the United Textile Workers' union has enough members in the Blackstone Valley to stay on the map, but it has not risked a battle to restore the wage cuts in the Manville-Jenckes mills. It fought through the 1922 strike, but it has a bad record in strikebreaking in strikes led by other organizations, and the distrust which the radical workers feel for it is one of its most serious sources of weakness.

Last summer the I. W. W. had two good mass meetings. There were a thousand workers at one. But here again, though there is interest in the I. W. W., there is no I. W. W. organization.

In the smaller Pawtuxet Valley the Amalgamated has one energetic local but only a small minority of the workers are enrolled. It may, however, be able to lead a second fight here; its leadership in the 1922 strike was militant.

Two years ago another independent industrial union, the Amalgamated Textile Workers' Council, was organized. It claims 1,500 members in woolen mills in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and led a small strike this fall.

Few And Divided

In considering all these unions it must be understood that less than ten per cent, probably less than five per cent, of the textile workers are enrolled. And this tiny majority is split among a set of rival unions, competing with each other, and often carrying on an energetic warfare against each other, rather than against the employers.

A movement for unity has been going on for several years under the leadership of the dyed-in-the-wool conservative American Federation of Textile Operatives, which feels its own weakness. None of the radical unions are in this movement, and the United Textile Workers' union of the A. F. of L. throws cold water on it. So far, however, it is the only unity movement of any success.

A way must be found! Who will find it? There are Wobblies in New England who say that the I. W. W. will again rise to the position of influence it held after the Lawrence strike.

As a Working Girl Takes a Slant

ANONYMOUS

ARE THE "COMMON WORKING GIRLS" WAKING?

This article comes from no radical. The feeling throughout is one of hatred for intolerable conditions, born of observation. It is the rebel spirit that speaks, not the educated, class-conscious unionist. But is not this a first step? Would not women who feel like this one be ready for our propaganda?

I AM a laborer, therefore I am unintelligent, dumb, inclined to be vicious, and were it not for the good corporation for which I work, the consensus is that I would be in jail—such are the low tendencies of a working girl.

The shop I toil in has everything for the uplift of the down-trodden working woman. To begin with, there is the Savings and Investment Fund, to teach us to save. Marvelous! If we save we will not be paupers. That is what Mr. Boris, the head of the personnel department told us, and he must know. We pay five dollars a pay day into the Savings Fund. Our pay day is every fifteen days. When we pay five dollars a pay day in for five years our money doubles! We are rich! Provision against old age is assured us!

But it is a strange thing that not a person has ever been with the corporation long enough to double his or her money. They lay you off for several months, when you are in the Savings Fund four years or more. When you go back to work, you begin all over again on the Savings Fund, for when you are laid off you are given every cent you invested, and no more. Interest? Who said anything about interest?

The trouble with these working girls is that they are positively dumb! They do not want to learn! That is what Mr. Holst said, and he ought to know. He is head of the Welfare Department. He says we imitate the rich; we wear silk stockings, fur coats, hand-made hats. We do. We earn them. So, is it any of his business how we dress?

"Young Dave," is what we fondly term the manager's son. Some day Young Dave will be the manager, and he will be no good! He is a pretty boy, ultra-fashionable as to dress, and has three cars. He takes us girls out to roadhouses, dances, dinners. I went with him once—to a dinner. I wore a dinner gown, and had my hair marcelled. Next day I was laid off—indefinitely. His dad and mother were eating with a party near our table and spotted Young Dave with a working girl. After three weeks I was taken back. Our corporation is just.

I sew in the cushion department of an automobile plant. There are thirty girls in this department. Some noons a "Y" worker comes and teaches us to play games, for the poor working girl must be shown. Again a city welfare worker comes through and stops to sympathize with us. We are, according to the head of the corporation welfare department, "poor, scurvy working girls."

I went one morning to the welfare department to see about withdrawing from the Savings Fund. I had over three hundred dollars since my second

start, and with it I meant to purchase a fur coat. Mr. Holst was not at work at that hour—almost ten. I sat down to wait. He entered from another entrance and asked his secretary what was wanted of him. She said: "Joan Fair is here to cash her Savings certificates."

"Another of those scurvy working girls!" he said. "Show her in."

When I stood before him he sniveled and said smilingly: "What can I do for you, my dear? It is a pleasure to help you girls out."

We have also a woman welfare worker. When first she came she was said and led by Mr. Holst. We girls got hold of her and pepped her up. She is about thirty-five and a regular thoroughbred. She was long on baths, healthful lunches, ventilation and plain dressing for us when first she came. We soon cured her and plainly demonstrated to her that even though we do labor for a living we like nice things, and we are not really vicious; also that we take a bath when we feel like it, and if the night is cold enough to freeze a brass monkey, we do not open the windows.

Most of the girls in our room are intelligent. All are good workers. Some are real high class and other take university extension courses. They all hold that if the firm paid us a better scale of wages welfare workers would be unnecessary. They pay us as low as they dare and then hire people to tell us how to eke out a small wage!

The office workers scorn us. They are typists, file clerks, accountants. We are laborers. The welfare considers us their specimens. They educate us to spend little. Then they make a report relative to this and their work for the day is done. They eat good food, attend good shows, read good books, wear good clothes, live in modern houses, drive their own cars. But the "scurvy working

(Continued on Page 30)

A Perspective of Tonopah, Nevada

By CARD NO. X-112357

Tonopah, Nev., October 28, 1924.

This article was read at the M. M. W. I. U. No. 210 regular business meeting, Sunday evening, October 26, 1924, at Tonopah, Nev. Motion made and carried that article be sent for publication to Industrial Pioneer (and other papers.—Ed.)

Signed by Tonopah Branch, M. M. W. I. U. No. 210.



Data on Conditions in Camp and Mine

ASILVER mining camp is Tonopah. Here the "white metal" is mined, milled and refined into bullion bars, before being shipped by express to the Selby Smelter or perhaps the mint, at San Francisco.

Tonopah is a typical desert town in southwestern Nevada—hot, dry and dusty in the summer time, windy and bitterly cold during winter months. Temperatures range from 100 degrees on hot days to 10 degrees below zero on cold ones. Altitude is 6,100 feet; annual rainfall about 6 inches; not a tree—not a stream; just a rocky, sagebrush, cacti basin on the west slope of the ridge, with stony hills and peaks surrounding the town.

About 4,000 people inhabit this mining camp. Approximately 600 men work in the mines and mills. Other workers are employed by coal and lumber yards, garages, oil companies, in stores, etc. A few find work with the water, light, telephone and sewer companies. Tonopah has two daily papers with their staffs, politicians as usual; also school teachers and educators earn a livelihood by training the youngsters in the grammar and high schools. "Main street" for four blocks

is one continuous row of "business houses." Many of these are soft drink (?) places and clubs. There is a casino in the lower end of town whose furnishings and amusements are second to none in the west. The nightly "cabaret life" is a magnet in drawing the workers, to buy drinks and dance with the girls who work upon a "percentage basis." The "Line," where many men and women complete the picture, is in this vicinity and is common to nearly all mining camps. The accompanying photos will help the reader to a clearer perspective of Tonopah and its environs.

Born by Accident

This camp was founded in 1901 after a fortuitous discovery of a rich silver ledge outcropping on the hillside east of town. A burro's slowness was instrumental in helping the prospector discover the white metal. The missile picked up to throw at the domesticated dumb slave was extra heavy, and proved to be a silver specimen from the ledge that erosion had loosened.

Tonopah's early boom days were typical of frontier mining life—rag and tin houses—hardships and privations. Travel and transportation were by

stage coaches and wagons. The first ore was hauled a distance of sixty miles to the railroad. High grade ore was necessary to pay the costs of primitive mining and transportation. Two of the old leather spring stage coaches repose in a yard at the foot of Main street. Some present-day residents rode into this arid pioneer town in these vehicles.

Two broad-gauge railroads now serve this desert section—one from the south, connecting with the main line of the Santa Fe at Ludow, Calif., the other from the north, leaving the Southern Pacific trunk line at Hazen, Nev. A dusty, stifling ride is encountered from Los Angeles to Tonopah via Ludow on a hot summer day, desert a-plenty, for 275 miles north of Ludow, past Shoshone, Death Valley and Beatty and on and on farther north.

Economic pressure must have been great to force men to brave this vast desert, suffer hardships and prospect in search of rare metals and minerals that, if found, might make them more secure in life.

It isn't romance, nor is it the beauties of the desert that lure (?) men to these isolated spots. Some there are who sing and write about the wonders of desert greasewood and its aroma, of silvery moons and enchanted, starry, silent desert nights, but miners and prospectors usually have different perspectives from poets. Those who see romance and laurels in the mining industry have never drilled footage in the grinding, choking terror of the mine; they have never experienced a mine fire, a cave-in or a flood.

Economic Determinism

It is economic determinism that forces men and their families to take up abode in these "out of the way places" on a dry desert. The early pioneer was governed by the same urge. The struggle for existence makes species migrate in search of greener fields, more favorable spots where competition is not so keen and subsistence is assured. That is why the emigrants crossed the plain to California, to Nevada, to the Comstock, to Tonopah and elsewhere. The "Big Wide West" was the path of least resistance to escape the early factory exploitation system. (Eulogists of the Trail Blazers, take note!)

The concentration of mining wealth has gone on apace here in Tonopah the same as in other communities. The prospectors and miners of Butte, Montana, once owned "the richest hill in the world," but now the Anaconda Copper Company claims it. They have dispossessed the pioneer owners. They dominate the state of Montana—exploit the great natural copper resources and the workers by the wage system of exploitation.

The mining companies of Tonopah have acres and acres of mining claims. The ore deposits are striking toward the west of the district and a rush has been made to locate and file on claims out on this big flat territory that was considered outside of the ore regions.

Hundreds of the populace have located and filed on claims. It is their "birthright" to have access to Mother Earth. But how does their "birthright" slip from them? "The History of Great American Fortunes," by Gustav Myers (Kerr Pub. Co., Chicago) tells how the land and natural resources were stolen by fraud and graft, as instanced in the huge railroad land grants, timber steals, oil and mineral frauds, etc.

These recent claim filers cannot compete with the established silver mining companies. The populace on the average can't sink modern mine shafts, but must sell their "birthrights" to the corporations for a few hundred dollars. These mining companies will then extract the mineral wealth by using the locators as their wage slaves.

Some system, isn't it, in this great land of opportunity, where everybody is supposed to have a chance, where honest effort fills the cornucopia, the symbol of plenty?

Machine Ousts Prospector

The prospectors are vanishing. No longer can a windlass compete with a modern mine hoist. Private ownership of the means of life has been concentrated to such a degree that the few own all while the many have empty hands.

This is the machine age of production. Capitalism is on the stage now and is playing its final acts before the curtain drops on the social drama of "Dog Eat Dog."

The present economic system is sick and needs constant bolstering to keep the structure from crashing to the ground; it has no equilibrium. The profit system is a contradiction; it robs and beats instead of assisting and providing.

The total production record of Tonopah mines is high. Nearly 7,000,000 tons have been dug from its wonderful veins. A deposit now being mined in the Victor shaft of the Tonopah Extension Mining Company (which is the largest producer) has a width of 110 feet and 600 feet long, of a good grade of silver ore. Last month a record shipment of bullion was made—the stated value being \$234,000 for one month's production. The



TONOPAH—WHERE MINERS LIVE



JUST WAITING FOR "T. B."

total production values of the district amount to the huge sum of \$130,000,000.

The Rotary Club of Tonopah has cast about for a suitable slogan to advertise this great silver mining camp and offers a cash prize for the best one submitted. A truthful slogan, one that would give facts, is no doubt sought for. I suggest this slogan: "Tonopah, the producer of white metal—and the white plague."

One Dusty Hell

Miners of wide experience declare these mines to be the worst of all to work in, being hot and dusty, temperatures as high as 120 degrees, with humidity near the saturation point. In these "hot boxes" men work with just overalls and shoes on, and these get soaked with sweat in a few minutes. Until recently drilling with air machines (the stopers—"widow makers") was done without using water to prevent dust. The cuttings from this rock are sharp and glass-like. They stick to the tissue of the workers' lungs and cause a wasting away process known as the "miners' consumption."

In some cases it takes only a few months of this kind of work and these kinds of conditions to sap the miners' vitality to such an extent that if they do not get out of these mines and find work that is not injurious to the lungs they are soon planted out in the "boneyard"—the local cemetery where hundreds of workers' bodies are buried.

The water connections to drill machines and the use of hollow drill steel for water to reach the dust at the drill bit is not a total success; considerable mud and water is spattered over the machine miner and rheumatism is contracted. Again, the hole in the drill steel gets plugged up for various reasons, and the cuttings are dry and dusty.

The dust evil is far from being solved. The stopes and drifts are laden with dust and air currents keep it in motion. The mines are still claiming their toll of lives and the underground workers show visible effects of this dust scourge. Nor does it end with the miners; the population of Tonopah

breathes the dust laden winds that carry back the dry mill tailings that are spread out over the flats below the town. Reports of government doctors state that a high percentage of the residents in Tonopah are afflicted with consumption. All this is a manifestation of civilization—of modern silver mining processes! Efficiency engineers direct these enterprises—well, anyway, lots of bullion is shipped!


Swiftly to the Grave

The speed-up is used here. One man on a Leymer machine is required to drill a certain footage or break so much "muck", excuses for failing do not suffice—a time check is given the worker who would dare slow down. Where miners have better conditions and something to say in regard to work perfor-

MINERS!

DO YOU THINK

YOU
EVER
LIKE



WILL
LOOK
THIS

NO, OF COURSE

NOT-BUT- YOU

NEVER CAN TELL.

PREVENT IT NOW

BY JOINING THE

METAL MINE WORKERS

INDUSTRIAL UNION NO. 210 I-W-W.

med, two men on a machine is the rule instead of only one as in Tonopah's mines.

The general working conditions in these great (?) silver mines and mills are at a low ebb. Men are underground for eight and a half hours; lunch is eaten in the stopes and drifts; ventilation and sanitation in the mines and on the surface need immediate attention, for these conditions cause industrial disease and a high death rate.

The surface dries and locker rooms are stifling with foul odors from sweaty garments and modern flush toilets should replace the open filthy "out houses" around these shafts. Some mines have no change rooms—no shower baths—not a sign of a sanitary toilet.

Workers come out of these hot, foul mines and go to their rooms or homes, where a bathroom or other modern conveniences are rare. Tonopah is not a camp noted for sanitary conditions, and what there is comes high in cost; barber shop baths 50c—haircutting, 75c—shaves, 35c—the domestic water rate is three and a quarter cents per gallon. The water supply is pumped in from Rye Patch, a distance of fourteen miles north of Tonopah. A service charge of \$2.50 per month for residences and more for business places is made by the sewer and drainage company. Sewage is dumped below town a short distance, making a foul place at that point—no treatment plant here.

Coal is shipped in from Utah and is only \$20.00 per ton—cord wood \$18.00. Necessary articles are high priced—desert food prices. Rents for modern houses are \$30.00 per month—shacks, \$10.00 to \$20.00. Bootlegging is rampant in this camp, as it is in all the states of the country. Federal prohis make an occasional raid—confiscate a "still" or two—then booze prices soar.

Fighting Effects

The dry raiders are, "chasing a will-o'-the-wisp"—are in a vain pursuit. It's only fools who dabble with effects of things; common sense and experience prove that to eliminate an evil or solve a problem the cause or the root of the evil must be attacked. That job is left for the workers; it is they who will clean up the mining camps—make them fit places in which to live and work, where they will not have to drink moonshine in order to tolerate almost unbearable conditions.

To meet this high cost of existence in Tonopah the following wage scale prevails: miners and timbermen, \$5.75; muckers and helpers, \$5.25; hoisting engineers and blacksmiths, \$6.00 per 8 hour shift; surface labor is as low as \$5.00, while shaft work is highest at \$6.75 per day.

The labor turnover is high, due to the hardships. Some workers stick and are willing slaves—their reward is the "miners' con" and ultimate death. The camp has many an old miner whose usefulness has passed and who is now thrown on the scrap heap, just like a discarded rock crusher, a worn out sinker pump, or a dilapidated mine cage.

When will slow industrial disease be compensated

for the same as swift industrial accidents? The latter is covered by the state compensation while the former receives no attention—yet workers' vitality is ruined on the fields of industry.

Workers of Tonopah—you must fight your own battles. Nothing is ever given to you gratuitously—the conditions you now work under (as bad as they are) were fought for by the miners and other workers of yesterday—the recent strikes and demands of 1919-20-21 should be experiences of value to you—there is urgent need for further progress.

Join The I. W. W.

The next progressive step for the workers in the mining industry is toward establishing the 6 hour day. It is imperative, not only in one industry, but in all.

The advancing machine processes, the standardization and simplification trend, are carrying on production with fewer and fewer hands and at the same time increasing the output of commodities. The shorter work day is the only logical remedy for unemployment and depression, and it is likewise a remedy to alleviate the dust evil and speed up in these mines and mills.

Is future history to record them as servile workers—enslaved and degraded? Or, on the contrary, will they shine as guideposts for future progress?

This article is an honest, truthful perspective, a vista or view, with data on conditions in this desert camp.

Exaggeration has not entered in the least; indeed, the picture could be more plainly drawn by citing specific instances of which there are many, but limit of space forbids that.

The mining companies and their tools are arrayed against the workers' progress. Manifestations of the class struggle are always apparent. The progressive worker—the educator—the agitator—is not wanted on the jobs. The bosses attempt to weed them out, but as long as working conditions are rotten and wage slavery exists, there will always be agitation and radicals!

May the time soon come when the workers will not permit their vanguard to be jailed and imprisoned or sent down the hill because of education and agitation, but will rally 'round every class-conscious rebel worker and proclaim that "An injury to one is an injury to all."

For we have a glowing dream

Of how fair the world would seem

When each man can live his life secure and free;

When the earth is owned by labor

And there's joy and plenty then

In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

It is the policy of Industrial Pioneer to get as many articles like this as possible. The fellow workers in Tonopah have done very well indeed. Next issue we are promised several good articles on the general construction industry. We also hope to have a review of the latest strikes in the Northwest in the field of general construction. All general construction workers who wish to get something in the January magazine are especially invited to write in. Make it a General Construction Workers' issue!

MILLIONS OF CHILDREN
HAVE STARVED TO DEATH BECAUSE
OF CAPITALIST GREED



WHY DON'T WE EVER HEAR OF AN ELECTROCUTION LIKE THIS?

The Grafters of Los Angeles

(By HARRY FISHER)

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—“Shakeup in County Charities Board. Names Withheld; Action Declared Result of Neglect of Duty.

“One employe of the county charities commission was suspended and another resigned as the result of an official investigation which was said to have uncovered evidence of misuse of public office for private gain.

“While there may be dismissals, there will be no arrests or prosecution.

“This announcement was made by W. H. Holland, superintendent of the charity department, who refused, however, to reveal their names.”—LOS ANGELES HERALD, October 21, 1924.

THE above is in substance the story of the latest scandal in official circles of the city that has arrested and imprisoned more members of the I. W. W. than any six other cities in America.

We have told in the columns of I. W. W. papers about the marihuana industry, of the opium-growing industry, and the correspondence school for instruction in the manufacture and marketing of fortified wines and ten-year-old whiskey.

We have shown that official investigation disclosed the existence and thriving business of these industries in Los Angeles. We intimated at the time that these “infant industries” were operated by enterprising Los Angeles business men and that possibly this, in a measure, accounted for the systematic arrest and persecution of the I. W. W., which organization closed the bootlegging joints of Portland, that the police were unable or unwilling to close.

Sweet Charity

But we did not think a county that spent so many thousands of dollars to convict members of the I. W. W. of criminal syndicalism and to sentence them to twenty-eight years in state’s prison, would use its **charities fund** to pay bootleggers’ fines. Now we are convinced.

Here is the proof. Let us say first, by way of introduction, that the school authorities objected when they learned that school children, thirteen to fifteen years of age, formed a considerable part of the trade in the illicit traffic. When the newspapers got the story, traps were set, and in one week half a dozen establishments were found where booze was sold to children at six dollars a quart.

One fellow, a shoemaker, admitted his guilt and offered the detectives all the money he had, which he said was seventy-two dollars, and the remainder of his stock of contraband, if they would not take him to jail.

So he is now also charged with attempted bribery. In this connection it might be well to mention that about four months ago, in Pasadena, a suburb of Los Angeles, a truck driver who was the fiance of a minister’s daughter and who made his home with the preacher, was arrested for bootlegging and sentenced to several hundred dollars fine and six months in jail. After a few days someone paid fifty dollars and the judge remitted the jail sentence. The preacher’s daughter said she loved the boy and the preacher took him back under his

roof. Whether he was able to do a more lucrative business after this publicity, or who paid the rest of the fine, if it ever was paid, the writer does not presume to know. If the Los Angeles County Charities bureau paid the fine, it was not reported.

Excellent Teamwork

But this week somebody squealed and two of the charity officials were disconnected. Here is how it worked: John Doe is fined ninety dollars or ninety days. If he has the ninety simoleons he is liberated at once. But some of the parvenu vendors of hootch plead poverty and choose the ninety days. It must be assumed that the prisoner has a family depending on him for support. So here is a case for charity, and if a public charity is to function as such, it must extend charity to the needy dependents. But the Los Angeles County charities were nothing if not practical. After thirty days they philosophically reasoned that it cost two dollars a day to feed the family, while the prisoner is fed in jail and has still sixty days remaining. To feed the family will cost twice sixty dollars, whereas sixty dollars would pay the fine. So, as practical financiers, they decide they will pay the prisoner’s fine and thereby save the county sixty dollars. Strictly a business proposition, as it were.

But evidently the superintendent was not taken into the partnership and the most recent deal fell through. What makes this particularly interesting at this time is the fact that in the past ninety days no less than eighty arrests were made of members of the I. W. W. charged with violating the “Busick Injunction,” which prescribes membership in, as well as all activity for, that organization in California.

The injunction was resorted to, after it became evident that juries refused to convict on the criminal syndicalism charge.

Where Charity Fails

Men have been in jail, or rather in a stockade, for varying terms of from ten days to three months without trial. Sometimes they are turned loose before trial, but since they invariably demand a trial, it is the exception rather than the rule, when one receives a five, ten or thirty-day sentence. Most of the cases are dismissed outright, only to be rearrested, when another period of waiting for a trial is only a repetition of preceding experience.



HE DIED FOR MORGAN.

Making a War

By "VERSUS"

WAGING war is sometimes called a science, sometimes an art. And one time it was both. But here as everywhere else in modern affairs the machine has come in and craft skill has gone out. The old style professional soldier is no more, and any mutt is snatched by a draft board, flung into a training camp, given six or eight months' intensive military training, and adjudged sufficiently fattened for the slaughter. War is no longer a science, except for the general staff at the top, and not even an art any more, except for the field officers. For the ordinary workman, who makes up the rank and file of the army, war is a machine process. He goes forth as an individual, operating machine guns, or artillery, flame-throwers, or poison gas apparatus, tanks or tank guns, and is killed or wounded according to the laws of chance and the supply of ammunition on the other side, without much regard to whether he is personally skilful, courageous, or what not.

There is one thing about war, however, which is still both an art and a science. That is the business of making war, not waging war, but creating it. We have a great opportunity to observe this fine art going on at the present time.

The countries which are going to fight are the United States and Japan. It is not certain just when, though we know it will be soon, and any discriminating person can tell why. The reason for war between the two edges of the Pacific Ocean is that both nations need the markets of China, the last big, open market for cheap manufactured goods left in existence.

There are some other reasons, one of which is Japan's expanding population, needing territory in which to plant colonies that will not be cut off from the motherland. And still another reason is the desire of both countries to control the extremely profitable silk trade.

The Little Guy Isn't Ready

If the capitalists of Japan and of America were about equally matched in wealth, and had at their command equally numerous and reliable units of cannon fodder, the fight would be on at present. This, however, is not true. Japan is much inferior in economic strength, and somewhat inferior in man power. Her superior position, next door to the market for which both countries struggle, is not of sufficient importance to offset her other disadvantages. She must, then, find allies. To whom

shall she go for aid? Naturally, to the economic helots of the United States, in Europe. The Dawes plan brought war much nearer in the Pacific.

The Dawes plan was a method for taking a mortgage upon Europe and placing the deed to the industries of Europe in the keeping of Morgan & Co., of New York. Grim economic necessity drove the European capitalists to this undignified position, and they are going to look with favor on any armed force that will come along, like a knight rescuing damsels, and save them from the American financial octopus.

Two Ancient Enemies

Though not all of them. French capital is thoroughly united with Japanese capital in many enterprises besides this one. France will go all the way with Japan. But England is divided against herself. The same reasons that force the French capitalists to line up against America would also force the English capitalists to line up with Japan against the United States. In fact, England until very recently had a treaty of offense and defense with Japan. That treaty has been abrogated, and that for the very reason that England is worrying now as to which side she shall take in the new (the word is a jest of Fate) Pacific battlefield. England has colonies, with which by means of a sort of discriminatory tariff, something like the old German Zollverein, she is trying to do for herself what the Zollverein did for Germany, namely, rivet half independent territories closer together, and lay a foundation for true, centralized Empire. But the colonies are developing industries of their own, and they are competing with Japan. Especially do they dread the Japanese immigration scheme. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, may not agree to entering the war on the side of France and Japan, if the United States fights Japan.

Sir Auckland Geddes, master diplomat of the master class of Great Britain, recently used very plain language to a gathering of his peers at Westminster Hall, London. "The British dominions that look out on the Pacific," he said, "feel that in Washington there is an instinctive understanding of their difficulties which, when they come to London, they have to explain laboriously in Downing street."

The speaker seemed to surprise some in the audience with the remark that when the dominions look to the mother country and find no satisfactory understanding, "they are apt to look to Washington, and Washington, with inviting eyes, will look back at them."

The far-flung British Empire, Sir Auckland said, has yielded the leadership of the world in many respects, to the compact empire of the United States. He cited the Washington arms conference as an example.

And of course there is plenty of cause for disagreement between France and England, over German trade, and German mines, African territory, etc.

This leaves the line-up, France and Japan, with

Italy as a probable aid, versus United States, the British Colonies, with England herself as a most unreliable ally of the United States.

Morgan-Rockefeller Lose

The first skirmish of great importance was the consent which the League of Nations gave to Japan to fight the United States on the immigration question, without making formal enemies of the whole League. Score one for the Japanese capitalists!

The second step towards war was the battle of the puppet generals in north China. Chang Tso Lin is pro-Japanese, and Wu Pei Fu is pro-English and American. Japanese gold bribed away one of Wu's best generals, and Wu Pei Fu was soundly thrashed, though not entirely wiped out. Score two for the Japanese capitalists!

What the next test of strength will be, we do not know. But aren't things proceeding just as they did before the Great War of 1914-18? In that situation, there was a hurried groping about for allies, on the part of the two principal antagonists. There was a treaty, the Triple Alliance, which did not represent the new alignment any better than the Japanese-English treaty does now, and which was abrogated in effect if not in due form when the war broke out. And there was also the battle of the puppet generals, when the Balkans, with French sympathy, French aid, and Schneider-Creusot artillery beat the Turks, who had German staff officers, German sympathy, and Krupp guns. Once more the puppets fought; this time Russian and French Serbia gathered together a gang and trounced Austrian and German Bulgaria. That was shortly before the world war broke out. Germany, seeing her allies whipped, and the iron ring closing about her, slashed at it with the sword.

Will not the same thing happen now? Japan is winning the game of allies. Japan is winning the game of puppet generals. Japan is sitting next door to the Chinese markets. If the United States capitalists do not attack Japan, she will triumph. Will they not attack? A capitalist is a capitalist, whether German or American—and he will fight until the last common worker is dead before he will tamely submit to other capitalists running off with the market, and the source of raw materials.

Fight Just Starting

The great war of 1914-18 was preceded by a terrific deluge of propaganda. This was necessary to make the proletariat and the farmers willing to bear the burden of taxation required for preparation for war, and to make the workers ready to fight in a quarrel that really does not concern them. Alarmist reports play a great part in this. Your statesmen, and particularly your military leaders, represent that your country lies open and undefended. They plead with you for just a few more battleships, just a few more trained officers. Here is Rear Admiral Fiske, doing his stuff at the service of flags," at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in New York City.



ANTI-JAPANESE PROPAGANDA

(Cartoon from a Capitalist Paper, Showing Some Possibilities of Future Wars.)

"Certain nations are becoming stronger militarily, while we are becoming effeminized," said Admiral Fiske. "We can see, for instance, that in Japan the people are sternly repressing all tendency to luxury, and that a nation wide movement, almost feverish in intensity, is acting to aggrandize its air force, even working women and little boys and girls contributing their mites. We, on the contrary, are becoming more and more addicted to luxury and pleasure, while gaudy fashion shops almost monopolize our grandest avenue."

The ZR-3, if it had come on a mission of destruction, could have done a billion dollars of damage in an hour, said the admiral.

Admiral Fiske argued that competition among nations, while often leading to war, was also the stimulus of progress, and that "from this last it would be illogical to expect human beings could escape". He said the United States was surrounded by virile, ambitious and intelligent but poor nations, and mentioned Germany, Russia, and Japan. These countries, he said, "cannot justly be blamed" if they envy America's wealth.

"They realize that we have obtained it largely by means of war, and they can hardly be blamed if they say to themselves that they can get from us what we have, because they are more skilled in war," continued the admiral.

Admiral Fiske didn't say anything about our (that is, our capitalists') coveting the goods of other peoples, but he admitted in his last statement about our securing it largely by war, that we were probably no better than we should be.

"Navy Day"

Then consider the mass of inspired editorials that strutted and clanked their way through the pages of all our leading conservative dailies on "Navy Day," just passed. Here is a fair sample, from the Chicago Tribune:

"Britain's new program of fifty-two treaty cruisers (up to 10,000 tons), Japan's twenty-eight cruiser program, and the ten cruiser program of the United States are evidence enough of America's indifference to her naval needs. Japan's program of twenty-five cruising submarines to America's six is further evidence. America needs twenty-one more cruisers aggregating 209,965 tons to reach the 5-5-3 ratio of the Washington conference. Thirty-six cruising submarines aggregating 43,247 tons are needed.

"The next war probably will be a naval war on the Pacific. It will be a war of cruisers and airplanes. Two German cruisers acting alone destroyed 200,000 tons of British shipping in the last war. One hundred British ships were required to catch them. In the next war will be raids and savage thrusts at the great coast towns and the Panama canal. Fast cruisers will be needed desperately.

"The eighteen American battleships are built for twenty-one knots speed. Six Japanese battleships have a speed of twenty-three knots. Great Britain has one squadron of twenty-five knots, one of twenty-three knots, one of twenty-one knots. Our guns are outranged by Britain and Japan. The battleships Florida, Utah, Arkansas, and Wyoming are almost out of commission. They are coal burners with poor boilers. There is no money to repair them."

Lots of worries about the navy. More ships wanted, in spite of the 5-5-3 ratio. In spite of the round the world air flight. In spite of the Shenandoah and the ZR-3. In spite of Lewisite, and other poisonous compounds. In spite of all these, still more armament is needed!

Doesn't it remind you of "Preparedness Day" and its sequel?

Hear the echo from Australia:

SYDNEY, Australia, Nov. 13.—Prime Minister S. M. Bruce in a speech on defense problems strong-

The Peace of Defeat

Throughout the length and breadth of capitalism there is only such peace between the classes as the victor imposes upon the vanquished. As long as forces of repression can be recruited by the capitalist class there will be the appearance of peace over considerable portions of society, but only the appearance, for the ferment of discontent, fed by hunger and want, and the sense of insecurity and uncertainty among the millions, is working everywhere and all the time. Peace, a dictated peace, is the wish of the capitalist class, but it is not the fact of our time, nor was it of any time in the past. Always there have been revolts—many of them crushed with a ruthlessness that would put the harshest tyrannies of old world history to shame—but the spirit of the workers has not been crushed. Every year, yes, every month, some portion of the working class submits evidence that the spirit of freedom still lives in labor.

Tyrants have always and unfailingly dictated a last decree. Even the very forces of repression, which the capitalists employ, and upon which, in the final analysis they must rely, to maintain their rule, are nearly one hundred per cent disappointed wage workers, whose sense of "duty" must be constantly on the alert" to suppress their natural sympathy with the element from which they spring and with whose experience and reactions they are familiar. A sympathetic wave might change them in a moment from the forces of repression to the vanguard of revolt. Peace in capitalist society is the dream of a fool, or the preachment of a rogue.

More than 6,000,000 bread-winners in the United States were involuntarily unemployed during the winter of 1921-22. This means that approximately 25,000,000 persons out of our population (estimated 110,000,000)—one of every five persons—were denied their supposedly "inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness".

Soup and Salvation

When in our cities signs that are indicative of a decaying society hang without comment, what fool dares to take comfort from an illusive idea of peace. Here are some signs displayed this winter in Chicago: "Free lunch for the unemployed—12-2"; "Free bread and soup at 4 p. m. Women and Children Only"; "God is Love. No Free Lunch Today". These are not by any means all, but surely they are sufficient. These are not guarantees of peace. They are assurances that there is no peace.

Every city, town and hamlet contributes a quota to the ever-swelling ranks of the unemployed army. Little children—surely through no fault of theirs—upon whom no responsibility can be laid, equally with their parents, share and suffer the deprivations that result from unemployment. Stunted and dwarf-

ed physically, mentally and morally, these little ones, members of future society, are denied opportunity to prepare themselves for the responsibility that the years will compel them to bear. And men speak of peace! The fathers and mothers, who contemplate the denials to which their children are subjected, are not peacefully inclined. Nor would they be worthy humans if they were.

The Peace of the Dead

In the congested tenements of the larger cities, where cupboards are normally bare, and where clothing is scarce and thin; in the fetid gloom of the overcrowded lodging houses, where poverty-stricken workers drag their lean and hungry bodies for shelter from the biting, winter night's cold; in the homes of mechanics and laborers, which the long spell of idleness, unsought and undesired, has filled with the chill of poverty; in the roadside "jungle" where veterans of the "war for democracy" shiver,—bonusless and helpless in their idle misery, and ponder the rewards showered upon the nurses of "war babies". The men whose bodies prolonged capitalism's life tenure in the Argonne, and other bloody fields, are penniless, foodless and shelterless vagabonds.—Peace! How can there be peace? Peace under such conditions would be the peace of the dead in spirit, dead in ambition, dead to every sense of right, of justice, of responsibility. There is no peace. And because there is not, there is yet hope for the world and its workers.

The farmer, that man of peace par-excellence, stripped of his crops as cleanly as though he had never grown a bushel, is not peacefully disposed. Like the wage worker's his insecurity is irksome, and what irks does not induce to peace. The miners, the railroaders, the building workers, the oil workers, the textile workers, the marine workers, the slaves of steel, in every industry, in every locality, the workers want the peace that comes with security. Anything short of that means only a truce, with a renewal of hostilities at its termination. Everywhere in the capitalist world it is war to the knife and knife to the hilt, economically.

An organized capitalist class strives to impose its will upon society. It is opposed by a disorganized working class, which, from the reasoning inspired by its defeats, will eventually learn to organize itself correctly and press forward to ultimate and complete victory.

The hundreds of thousands in New York and Chicago, hungry and unprovided for, with the idle millions of others all over the country, emphatically deny the claim that there is peace. There has never been peace since the advent of capitalism. There never will be peace until another social system has been substituted for capitalism.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Columbia

By VERA MÖLLER

When ancient tyrants sought to strike most dire
Horror and dread into the hearts of foes,
They found a fate for captives worse than fire,
Than crucifixion, torture's fiercest throes;
They bound a living captive to the dead,
They bound him to the dead man, face to face,
And left him smoth'ring there, till life had fled,
As if the corpse held him in foul embrace.
Who would not pray for tools to crush and wrench
His body, ere he gasped away his breath
Choking and strangling in the carrion stench?
And this land has chained herself to death;
For what is evil save corruption, what
Corruption, save decaying flesh to breed
Poisons, the loathsome things that breed in rot!
Columbia is bound by chains of greed
To many a corpse, for where the masters kill
Beneath her laws, why there a corpse remains
Whose dragging weight delays her progress still,
Whose poison spread in air creeps to her veins.
Manhood is slain where men are crushed by toil,
Body and soul in factory and mill,
Or where the masters' gold bribes slaves to soil
Their hands with evil while they work his will.
Childhood is murdered in the factory's hell
Where childish slaves grow wizened, dwarfed and
old,

And womanhood is slain where women sell,
Goaded by want, their purity for gold.
And decency is slain wherever men
Are herded close like beasts in filth and slime,
Where Nature's instincts curbed in some foul den
React in darkness, many a loathsome crime.
Humanity is slain, where prisons rise
With lime-strewn dungeons, where the red whips fall.
Close to Columbia's feet each victim lies;



PRAYER WON'T HELP—DEEDS ARE REQUIRED.

With fleshless jaws they mock her, one and all;
And shall she stand as in a living tomb?
Then who shall free her from her self-made chains,
The masters' greed, before it brings her doom?
What force shall bring fresh vigor to her veins?
The workers' hands alone can set her free,
For they alone have grasped the sword of truth;
And she shall stand in that bright day to be,
Reborn through Freedom to a glorious youth.

Rime of a Proletar Boy

By ENDRE ADY

(Translated by William A. Drake)

My father works from morn till night,
Toiling his life away;
There is no better man than he,
Search for him where you may.

My father's coat is frayed and worn,
Mine new, but when I show
That I shall soon be grown a man,
His old eyes seem to glow.

My father's masters are the rich,
Whose taunts his spirit grieve;
But he brings with him hope and cheer
When he comes home at eve.

My father works and sweats and stints,
Though strongest of them all;
He is more mighty than the king
Of those who hold him thrall!

My father is a valiant man:
He spends his strength for us;
He bends his pride, but not for gold
Is he most covetous.

My father is a sad, poor man,
And were it not for me
And for my hopes he'd flee this vast
And weary comedy.

And did my father say the word,
The mighty rich would quake;
And there would be increased those few
Who joy in life can take.

EDITORIALS

By The Editor

WE ARE HITTING BACK

TWO big strikes in the field of General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310 of the I. W. W., and one big strike in the lumber woods around Whitefish, are the proper answer to the boss, when he gets the notion that any old kind of conditions and any old sort of wages will do.

Each of these construction strikes has hit the California persecution a good blow, by demanding that no California products be used in the camps and that the class-war prisoners be released. If the working class were completely organized, so that all work could stop when a strike was necessary, the persecution of labor would drop altogether.

So would the exploitation of labor.

—wIw—

A FAIR CONSUMPTIVE FLUSH

WHO ever heard such a lot about prosperity, now! Every form of capitalist propaganda is turned over to the Wall Street bulls, apparently. Every newspaper recites fresh advances in the stock market, fresh sales of iron and steel goods, fresh increases in the price of wheat.

True, closer inspection shows little ground for some of this shouting. The sales, while frequent, and frequently reported, are not big. Rails are being bought, but not in such quantity as to put the steel slaves back to work in any considerable numbers. Some of those who were working half time are now working full time, and there is a little more pressure from the bosses, to speed up.

The stock market advances, but no more than it has done many times, in the heat of an economic crisis. When industry looks shakey, certain kinds of stocks, which normally pay little dividends, are sought after by investors, because of their very conservatism. These stocks are those with a lot of plant, collateral, behind them, and they are considered by investors a harbor of refuge. This is even more true of bonds, secured by mortgage. The rise, slight rise, too, in price of these securities is nothing to justify such enthusiasm.

If grain prices went up, it is the world's misfortune. Crop failures in Europe are partially responsible, and that means starvation for some one. Wheat gambling in Chicago is partially responsible, and that means further concentration of wealth—no more money for the farmer, and no more men put to work. It means less consumption, not that the American working man will buy less bread, but that he will now have to spend more money for the same amount of bread, and will not have as much to spend for other things.

The building boom is slowly sinking into quietude. There will be some trouble about unemployment in the building trades before long.

The textile industry does not show much activity and such mills as are opening are doing so on a reduced force, and a reduced wage per man.

In fact, there is every indication that the period of continuous economic crisis into which Capitalism has fallen is not going to be improved very much or for very long. All this celebration about returning prosperity is like a tubercular patient congratulating himself on his rosy cheeks. There is a gorgeous flush on the face of things, but it doesn't mean anything good.

—wIw—

SICK OLD CALIFORNIA

NOT all diseases are at present preventible. But modern medicine boasts truly of one thing, that no plague is possible again, if ordinary care be observed. Civilization has advanced to that point, at least. The old epidemics of cholera, smallpox, and the black death, are not to be feared, if ordinary, well understood, scientific opposition is made to them.

Thus by Aristotelian logic we prove that California is still in the dark ages. Every place must either be civilized or uncivilized. Plagues are impossible in civilization. There is a plague in California. Therefore California is uncivilized.

The matter goes farther. There is not merely one plague, there are half a dozen, in California. The capitalist press of Chicago still carries cold little news items about the spread of smallpox—a very deadly sort of smallpox—throughout the state of California. Well, smallpox, since the days of Jenner, has been an easily controlled disease. An epidemic of it was supposed until very recently to be absolutely unthinkable. All you have to do is to vaccinate the people, and they either do not get it at all, or have it in a mild and harmless form. Yet there are between eight thousand and nine thousand cases of smallpox in California, as this is being written, and they are of the very worst sort, the malignant variety.

The hoof-and-mouth disease we all know about. It affects primarily cattle, but people can get it. Just now it is appearing again, after they thought they got rid of it.

Hoof-and-mouth disease, at least in people, is a filth disease, caused by dirt getting into the food. The germs cling to the dirt.

Bubonic or Pneumonic Plague is a disease which cannot spread without the aid of rats and fleas, both of which pests demand as a prerequisite for their propagation dirt, ignorance and poverty among humans.

Typhoid epidemics are still slowly burning themselves out in several parts of California; there have been an unusual number of typhoid cases in

(Continued on Page 36)

EDITORIALS

By Pioneer Readers

THE INDIGNITY OF LABOR

By ROBERT GRAYSON

DO you remember Jack London's child slave, a marvel of efficiency in a speed-up factory? I mean the lad who finally quit his dear boss forever, walking away from drudgery and respectable society out into the green fields. He was "The Apostate."

To love that lad has been easy for me, since he is my twin soul—his flesh and my spirit—for in my heart wells up a great, abiding apostasy, the physical part of me still going into the industrial arena to win bread for my burdensome body.

So much twaddle has been said about work being dignified and such rot, even by radicals, who should know better, that it would be a breach of duty to remain silent any longer. A dissenting voice is needed to utter the sentiments we all hold for this work game.

Most of us have our hatreds. My own deepest loathing is reached with regard to those ugly and universal tasks that we slaves perform under penalty of death. It is, indeed, a fearful injunction that requires an alternative so supreme as its sole and inseparable impulse. There is nothing more degrading, nothing more painful, nothing more worthy of being shunned than work.

Let us resort to no pretending otherwise, just because the enemies watch and listen. We do not want their approval. We can be perfectly frank and declare that we hate work just as much as they do, and with better judgment, as we know the dirty thing better.

May no unsophisticated reader urge the fruits of work as extenuating circumstances, or reason for acquittal, as we try this miserable culprit before the bar of our prejudices against forced effort. Science promises to minimize the aching hours of labor performance. We revolutionaries see in a larger number of workers, i. e., all the race, and not one submerged class, a reduction of individual punishment.

If the goal is not away from work, then why not return to the more laborious productive methods of the past? No, we have a right to be lazy. It is more than this, our very bones house the marrow of laziness. This healthful estate should not be a peculiar possession of the rich. We must destroy the bourgeois monopoly of laziness, extending to the entire mass of driven, outraged, outcast robots its beneficent culture.

Work is a vile necessity. As civilization really comes into its own this curse must rob fewer and fewer hours from the lives of men.

—wIw—

The evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race.—Mill.

CRAFT UNIONS AS A CAPITALIST SEES THEM

By W. H. SIKES

(Author, "Business Successes From Small Beginnings," Published in November Industrial Pioneer)

AS a small capitalist I will state for the benefit of the workers that so long as we can keep you divided into many different trade unions we are "sitting pretty" and can beat you at your own game.

Take for example the shopmen's strike in the rail industry with 16 or more craft unions. They lacked power to put it over and lost. On appealing for assistance from the trainmen they were informed that they were not comrades and must look out for themselves.

Three young men we had given employment to went into the rail shops during the strike. Recently they told me of the union the shop required them to join. This union, fostered and controlled by the railroad officers, is of course a movement intended to cripple the power of the workers.

Yes, Mr. Worker, just keep on supporting your craft union and voting with the political parties that are controlled by the trusts and **we are all right**. Above all, don't read and support the labor press. You might get wise to our game. It would not be respectable anyway to belong to the I. W. W. They are said to burn wheat fields, (though to be honest I live in Kansas and never knew of one set on fire by I. W. W. or anyone else).

I am a little ashamed that some of our fellows have raided and mobbed the I. W. W. halls, especially shoving the children into scalding coffee at San Pedro lately. But then, not many of our good people know about this and we don't think they will find it out. Stay with Sam Gompers and we are all right.

—wIw—

SHORT POINTERS

(By A Fellow Worker)

By too much complaining you reveal your weakness—action is what is needed—change conditions that are bad.

By talking you give out something—see to it that those who receive what you have given out are getting something worth while.

By working hard and fast, you make profits easy.

By recruiting a new member for the organization, you accomplish a part of the historic mission of the working class.

By urging all workers to strike against rotten conditions, you are showing them the advantages of rebellion.

The Sixteenth General Convention

By P. J. WELINDER
(Chairman of the Convention)

This article is an attempt at an interpretation of the I. W. W. Convention of 1924, the line up of force within it, the motives at work, and the economic situations back of the delegates of various industrial unions, which caused them to take the positions they did. Undoubtedly various other interpretations are held by other delegates and by spectators. It might be interesting to hear from some of them.

IT is doubtful if a convention has ever been held that has been considered worthy of publicity and has not been described as "the most important convention ever held in the history of the organization." As this, the Sixteenth General Convention of the I. W. W., happens to be the first convention I have attended, and the first one I ever attempted to deal with in the form of publicity, I ought to be permitted to start out in the time-honored manner.

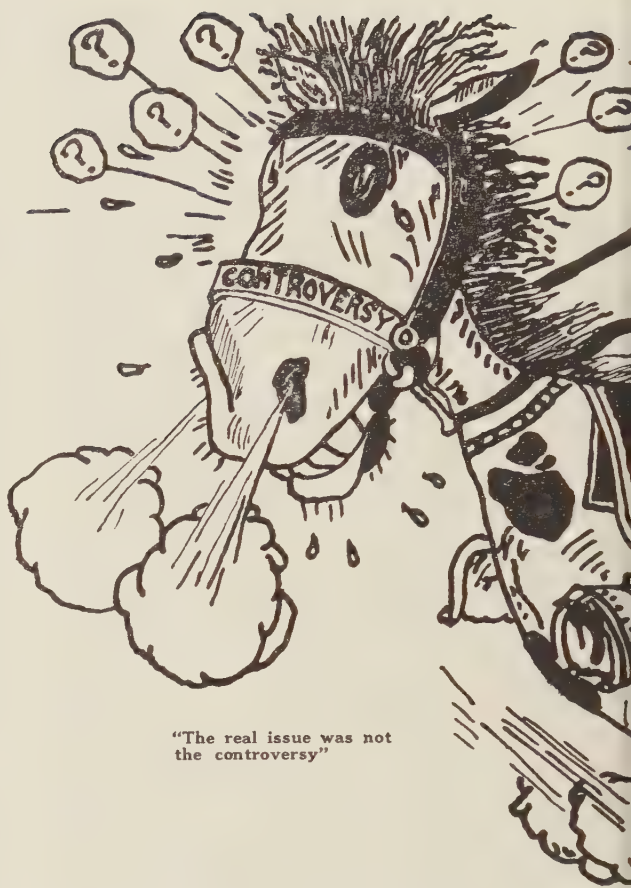
If the importance of this convention can be disputed, there is no one who can deny the fact that it lasted longer than any previous convention held by the organization. Also it cannot be denied that the many questions presented to the convention proved to be of such an importance that they taxed the working ability of the delegates to the limit.

A Rank and File Convention

Now, of course, our critical friends will smile and tell us: "This doesn't say much as to the important or complicated nature of the problems at hand, but rather indicates the inability of the delegates in handling these problems," and we might grant them their contention. However, no matter how much disregard they may have for the rank and file as to its intelligence and ability to direct a working class movement such as the I. W. W., this much must be admitted: that the rank and file holds the finances and decides whether funds shall be available or not for the program outlined. We can curse or condemn or ridicule "the ignorant masses" all we please, but nevertheless we have to go to them when it comes to getting the means by which to realize our "intelligent," "logical," "sensible" and "scientific" (heavy on the "scientific") program.

Economic Power of Rank and File

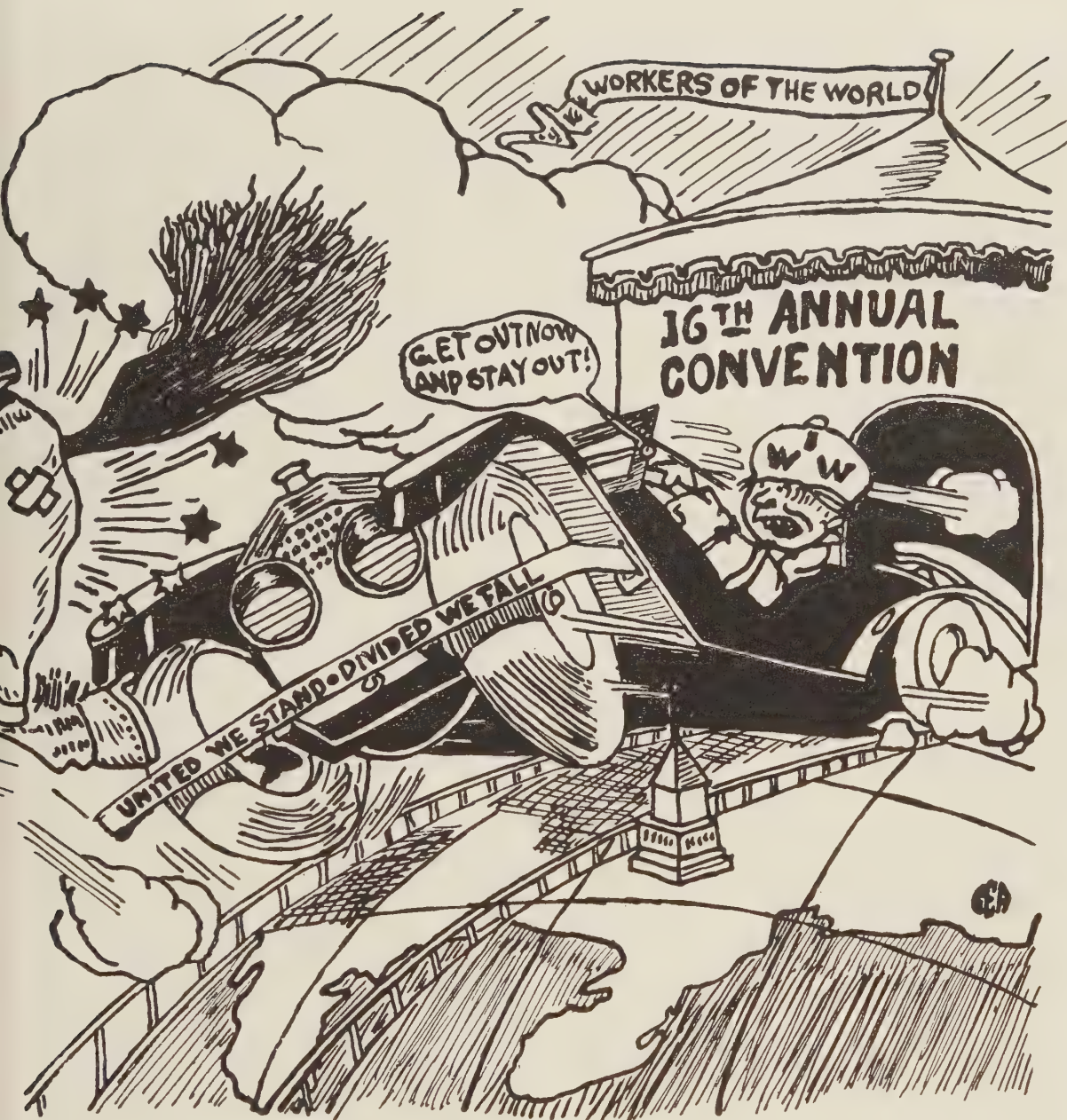
Not only is the rank and file the real ruler when it comes to the finances, but also when it comes to realizing our valuable programs—programs which we have so painstakingly planned and calculated to



the last detail—on paper. If the masses could only be liberated by paper, printers' ink and flowery talks, would we not then be right in the midst of the millennium? But unfortunately for the masses—and incidentally for the intelligentsia also—it requires more than talk; it requires action. And right here is where the boring and disgusting rank and file comes in again. Why in the world can't they act as we tell them? Why in the world can't they grant us, just for the sake of their own welfare, that in case reality proves to be somewhat different from our descriptions, that our calculations do not jibe with actual life; that life is wrong and we are right, and just do as we say? But no; all that these confounded masses do is to take life as it is offered them and attempt to make the most of it, and all our merciful philanthropy is only so much waste. Yes, they even laugh at our mental martyrdom and almost tell us to go to some rather unsatisfactory climate.

Don't Oversimplify

In the multitudes of "popular" treatises that have been written and are constantly being written, that which we call life is explained in such simple and plain terms that anyone can grasp it at a glance. It is no more complicated than a simple problem of mathematics, as in adding two and two together. Yes, by the very latest methods, and the modern form of specialization on this field, our social prob-



lems can be "logically deduced" and the solution arrived at as easily as a grocery man can compute our debt on a Burrough's adding machine. It can all be done by "canned brains" just as we are getting used to "canned music" and machine-made drama and art in general.

The only trouble in this case is that life refuses constantly to be canned, preserved or sterilized. Yes, it even strenuously opposes all attempts at evaporation and constantly insists upon a program of expansion and recomposition. Hence the many complications in our work.

To a close observer this convention certainly offered a great amount of material for study. No matter what may be said about the convention as a whole, this much can be claimed for it: it was

composed entirely of workingmen, wage workers, if you please. And furthermore, although the gathering was not very large numerically, it certainly was representative. There were men from every industry, from the cities as well as from the fields and forests, from the mines and from the seas. There was the stationary worker, the so-called "homeguard" and there was also the migratory element of all shades. And each and all of them had their particular problems confronting them and sought to find a solution for them.

One would think that a classification of the workers into two main groups such as the migratory workers and the homeguards would be sufficient when dealing with our social questions, and theoretically it might be. At least it has the ad-

vantage of simplifying the question—on paper. But again, the actual conditions do not permit such a short cut, hence we might as well abandon it at once.

The 110 Boys

Among the migratory element we have first to note the agricultural workers. They undoubtedly come into a group of their own. They are the industrial nomads and are rapidly developing a psychology corresponding to their present environment. While the construction worker or the logger at least can name a certain state as his home, the agricultural worker has to take in not only the whole U. S. A., but the whole North American continent as his address when asked for such information.

Viewing the delegation from the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110, one could not help but think of Lewis Morgan's "Ancient Society." Those sturdy tribes of the aborigines, described by him, who refused to sacrifice their inherited and unbridled freedom for the blessings of our modern civilization, and whose nature so revolted against the bondage of capitalism that they committed race suicide rather than submit, seem to be reproduced in our modern agricultural proletariat of today. To them it is not a question of theories and of empty dreams or far-fetched speculations; to them it is a question of practical results. They know their prairie and their orchards and cotton fields; they also know exactly the financial situation of their boss, John Farmer. They know that before long he will be one of their numbers, tramping the highways and byways in search of a master, with the whole wide world as his home. They know all this from practical experience, and no amount of philosophy can ever tear down these naked facts.

Farmer John also begins to realize this unpleasant fact, and as a result he begins to fall in line with them. He can already visualize his future, not as a **retired** farmer in some snug and comfortable dwelling, but as a **tired** farmer without a farm, in a shaky "Tin Lizzie" hunting for a camping ground for himself and his family. Thus the class lines become more and more distinct.

The 120 Group

The logger, on the contrary, is operating in a somewhat different environment. His harvest season is of a longer duration. The grain harvest on a field may last a few days only, but the "timber harvest" out on the mountainsides on the Pacific slope will last for many years, yes, for generations. The development of the transportation facilities have made the logging camps entirely different from what they were only a few short years ago. The families are invading the logging camps; we find schools, reading rooms, clubrooms, moving picture shows, electric light, water systems and sanitary facilities in modern logging camps just as we have them in the cities. If you ask a logger where he comes from he will tell you, "From Puget Sound," "Columbia River," "Coos Bay," etc. Ask

a harvest hand, and he will tell you, "I take in the harvest." This last answer explains all; he doesn't know where he really comes from, neither where he will go.

Then we have the city worker, the one with a family and a little collection of household goods so necessary for him and his family. To tell this man to adopt the tactics of the harvest hands or the loggers is useless. Imagine for a moment that we offered the 65,000 slaves of Ford as a solution to their troubles, that they walk off the job and leave it for good in case Henry will not be decent! Would it not be a sight to see 65,000 workers with families starting out all at once in search for a Promised Land?

All these elements were represented in our convention. All of them were imbued with the same principles: Solidarity, One Big Union of all the workers. To solve this problem requires more than revolutionary phrases and philosophy. It requires actual knowledge of all these facts and practical experience in dealing with these problems.

Not So Much the Controversy

The real issue in this convention was not the so much talked about controversy in headquarters. That is merely a temporary quarrel between individuals which will easily be overcome. The real issue was, and is, and will be for many conventions to come, the questions of centralized power and rank and file rule. The ultra-migratory elements were strongest in favor of centralization, and naturally so. It is only logical that they fail to grasp the real need for local rank and file expression. Why, when they look around them they find that all their fellow workers are really of the same opinion as they are themselves. When they cast their vote for or against a question they knew that they truly represented the great majority of their constituency. The similarity in their environment has established a greater uniformity in their ranks as to opinions than in any other group of workers.

It may be argued that here as elsewhere we find as great a variation in intellect and keenness as in any other group of men, and that is true. But they all look upon life from the same point of view. Place a number of men from all walks of life at the same point of observation, and it is a cinch that one will see farther than another and observe details overlooked by the others. But they will all be looking at the same object somewhat in the same way.

Among the city workers, on the contrary, we will find many different viewpoints. There are those engaged in industries which are yet more or less in a stage of individual ownership and operation and there are those engaged in industries almost completely trustified. There are the modern factories with specialization carried to the limit, and there are the out-of-date shops with diversified occupations. To them rank and file rule means something else than it does to the uniform type of the agricultural industry.

A Deeper Aspect

Perhaps, if we go deeper into the question, it is really not so much a question of centralized power versus rank and file rule as still more the failure of the masses to grasp the difference between centralized power and centralized control over such power. I doubt if there was one delegate, or that there is one member, who doesn't acknowledge the necessity of centralized action, and it goes without saying that to secure it there must also be a centralized power to command such action.

How to so arrange our organization affairs that this power to act will always remain firmly in the hands of the membership is really the whole question.

In our discussions of problems arising out of this all-important question, our visitors and "friends" who always tender their valuable advice free of charge found themselves in a worse dilemma than the delegates themselves. The correspondent for the Daily Worker was especially embarrassed. The pictures he drew of the various delegates were certainly amusing. One day he found a delegate "truly revolutionary," next day he discovered that the same delegate was all "haywire." But we must give him credit for sticking to the job. Only one day he missed us. But we excused him gladly as the happenings of that day were enough to make any Simon-pure revolutionist dizzy. It was on the memorable November 4, 1924, when W. Z. Foster missed the presidency of the United States by a narrow margin of only 20 million votes.

We must admit that such a thing as true democracy within the ranks of labor, or anywhere else in society, can never be obtained under the capitalistic form of society, or any form of society that carries with it private ownership of the means of production. Yet we must admit, on the other hand, that until the workers are able to manage their own affairs they will never be free. To delegate the power of our organization, without a strict control over the use of such power, either to the delegates or officials means death to the organization. It will mean the desertion of all the fundamental ideals and principles upon which the organization is based and for which it is functioning.

Arguments in favor of disregarding the membership and depriving them of what is not only their right but their duty, to decide through a referendum or other equally representative medium their own affairs, should never be entertained. Such arguments are always based upon the same contentions: the failure of the masses to express themselves, and their failure to act correctly. Neither of them are any arguments at all.

The Right to Be Wrong

Grant for the sake of argument that both are correct. What right has any man to decide for me if I want to decide the question myself? So long as there is one single member who demands to be heard on a question he must also be heard if we expect him to act. Only if we are willing

to do the act required alone have we any right to decide alone. But so long as we appeal to the masses to assist in the actual work required we must grant them the right to decide the question also. And unless we succeed in interesting them so that they are willing to decide in a matter, we will never interest them enough to act on the same.

As to the mistakes of the masses nothing need be said. For hundreds of years the slaves have paid royally to the politicians and to "leaders" for making mistakes for them, and making nothing but mistakes, except so far as the individual well-being of the leader is concerned. They ought to be allowed to make their own mistakes if they choose to do it. Besides, I am firmly convinced that the masses will learn of their mistakes when making them themselves, while not even empowered officials learn anything from their mistakes for which the slaves have paid so terrible a price.

Yes, there is also the argument popping up of the necessity to act quickly, to make a short cut to paradise, whether the masses want it or not. It is as timeworn as it is foolish.

We are told that if we don't run to safety under the guidance of the intellectuals the whole darn capitalist society will come tumbling down on our back. Yet every time we try to escape the danger we find so many obstacles in the road which our leaders fail to remove that we never reach the much promised salvation. The only one who gets saved is usually the savior himself, and he does it by crawling into some hole barely large enough to shield him.

For Emancipation

It might take generations and centuries before the workers as a class are free, in the full sense of the word. And not only the workers but mankind as a whole. But until the task is performed we have not reached the end of the class struggle. Again we will reaffirm our Preamble. We are not in the fight for a petty temporary gain. We are not in the class struggle as a factor seeking the rulership over subject classes. We are in the fight to the bitter end for the emancipation of our class.

That end can only be obtained by the long and toilsome work of educating the masses, of stimulating them to action in their own behalf, of making them self-determining human beings and not merely will-less slaves who obediently follow the voice or the lead of either appointed or elected governors or leaders.

The Sixteenth General Convention of the I. W. W. will prove itself most valuable to the masses by the fact that it voiced uncompromisingly its trust in the masses themselves; that it did not attempt to strip the members and prospective members of the organization of their power. It reaffirmed our full confidence in our membership to solve its own problems satisfactorily to a sound progress along the lines laid down in our Preamble, and it is a cinch that the participants in this convention as well as the membership at large will soon realize the wisdom of such policy.

The Revolution to the Front!

By FRED MANN
(Delegate to the Convention)

Class Conscious Revolutionary Spirit Prevails—Reactionary Forces Receive Sound Drubbing—Principles Enunciated in the Preamble Have Taken Firm Root.

THE sixteenth annual convention of the I. W. W. has acquitted itself creditably in its perusal of the internal affairs of the organization and the decisions that were made. The work of the convention shows that the great bulk of the delegates were not only Industrial Unionists but Revolutionists as well. The work of the convention can not be separated from the opinions that the membership holds. Telegrams and letters from all over the country expressed the devotion of the membership to the revolutionary principles that have stood the test of Capitalist persecution and the members' confidence in the convention and its ability to further the progress of the I. W. W.

International Affiliation

As usual the Red Trade Union International made its yearly appeal to the convention for recognition and the request for affiliation. The delegates affirmed the stand taken previously that the I. W. W. is an economic organization world-wide in scope and cannot have its policies controlled or dictated by any other organization.

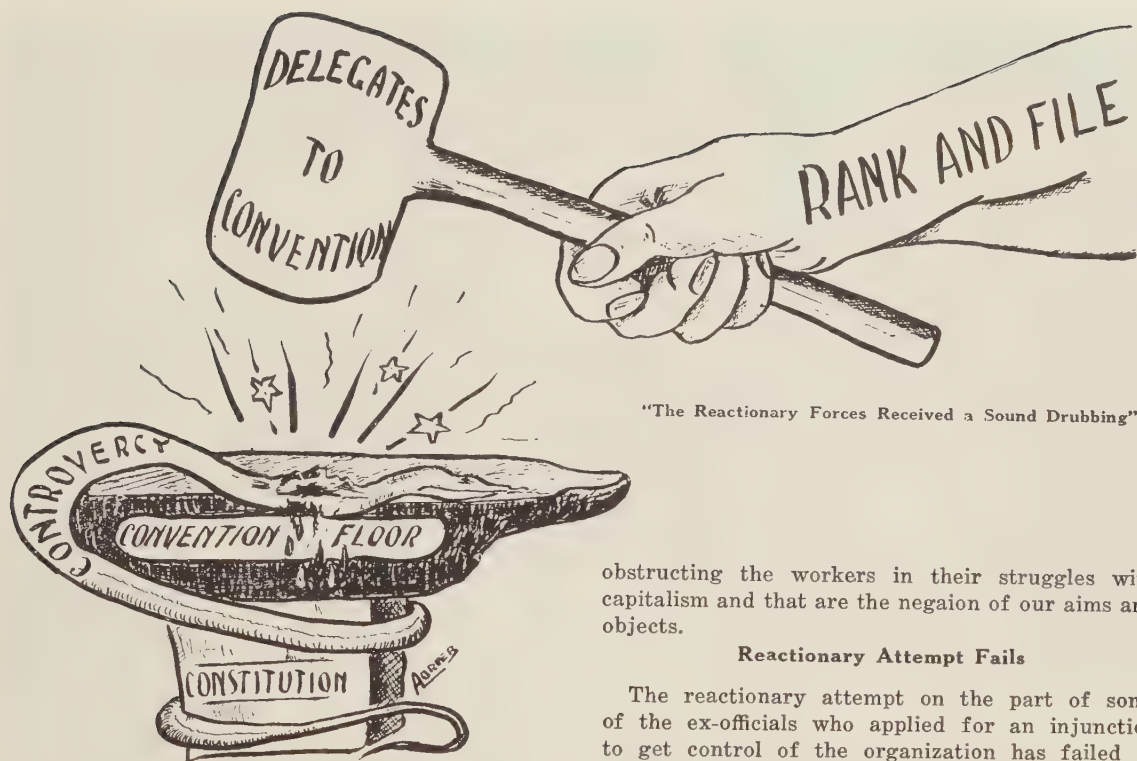
To the surprise of many delegates it was announced that there are sixteen foreign administrations of the I. W. W. now in existence. Some of them are as yet unchartered, but have adopted the preamble and constitution of their American fellow workers. Requests from Germany, Australia and Sweden for charters were received. An urgent call from Czecho-Slovakia was read appealing to the I. W. W. to map out ways and means of establishing an administration there. A motion was passed by a unanimous vote to send a representative to Czecho-Slovakia who can speak the language and is acquainted with local conditions, to start them off in the right direction. The Convention instructed the incoming General Executive Board to work in conjunction with the Marine Transport Workers in calling a Congress of all the I. W. W. administrations. This is of great significance, as it will be for the first time that the I. W. W. will meet with representatives from all over the world. The Marine Transport Workers at this time have branches in every important port in the world. The I. W. W. is not nationalistic in its organization, as this action clearly shows, for this Congress it is hoped once and for all time will settle the question of international affiliation. It is the first real attempt to bring together the world's I. W. W. forces for a common assault on capitalism. The real workers' revolutionary Industrial International is in the making.

The Future Policy

Ever since 1917 the I. W. W. has been on the defensive in its literature and propaganda as a whole. Because of the war with its hysteria and persecution and the strict surveillance of the Palmers and Daughertys of the Department of Justice,

and on the advice of many of our attorneys who at that time were defending our fellow workers in the courts, our literature was modified to be "within the letter of the law" of War Espionage Acts, Criminal Anarchy and Criminal Syndicalism statutes. This process has been going on until it has become a pernicious belief with some of the elements in the organization. The fact is that the I. W. W. never did advocate any wilful destruction of property or injury to person or persons. The I. W. W. at no time gave any space in its literature to vehement assertions that the government must be captured or any part thereof. The I. W. W. did then, as it does now, advocate the capture of the industries by the workers through a well organized, disciplined Industrial Organization. It was on account of the principles of the I. W. W. and its program of organizing the working class that the master class became alarmed. Using the war hysteria as a means to an end, wholesale arrests were ordered, and many of our best members were kangarooed and sent to prison, sentences ranging from one to twenty-eight years.

This has been going on for years, is still going on and will continue so long as the I. W. W. adheres to its original cause based on its Preamble. In many states laws were passed prohibiting this or that, injunctions were issued enjoining the I. W. W. from organizing the workers. Through these trying war days our literature has not been consistent with our fundamental principles—here and there changes were effected, until we were faced with a clean-cut issue. Shall we continue along this uncertain course of education, and little by little submerge under the pressure of capitalist persecution? Or shall we take up where we left off before the war and pronounce our principles in uncolored words with no middle ground, no beating about the bush and without a single deviation from our preamble? Shall we put out our literature to meet with the approval of district attorneys? This policy is suicidal from a revolutionary point of view. The master class would have us on the run and keep us there. **Whenever**



"The Reactionary Forces Received a Sound Drubbing"

obstructing the workers in their struggles with capitalism and that are the negation of our aims and objects.

Reactionary Attempt Fails

The reactionary attempt on the part of some of the ex-officials who applied for an injunction to get control of the organization has failed as completely as the attempt of the Shermanites in 1906. It is unnecessary to go into long detail in the matter. Suffice it to say that some time last year a conspiracy was hatched to place the organization in the hands of very questionable elements, and for no reason to warrant such action, an injunction was applied for in the Master's court. The usual cry of Rank and File was used by these traitorous splitters as a smoke screen for their hideous underhanded acts. They claimed that as soon as the Rank and File met in Convention they would lay their grievances before them and would be willing to abide by their decision. The Convention was two months off. In that period separate headquarters were set up and streams of propaganda were put out dealing with their so-called grievances. Lies and lies were circulated, causing dissension and disintegration within the ranks of the membership. Investigation committees from all over the country came to Chicago with the hope that some settlement could be effected and the organization be saved from the disgrace and dishonor it would endure in a capitalist court. But all attempts were brought to naught. Finally the Convention met. From all over the country telegrams and letters poured in expressing the confidence of the membership in the Convention. But the injunctionites under the leadership of James Rowan refused to recognize the Convention. All general officials were suspended; the entire executive board was deposed pending an investigation. Committee after committee was sent to Rowan & Co., asking them to withdraw the injunction and leave the convention, the representatives of the membership, to decide who is right instead of a

the I. W. W. becomes active and shows signs of success, there and then the master class orders the state legislatures to pass laws, the judges to enforce them, and the sheriffs and gunmen to make the arrests. Juries are picked and our literature misinterpreted to them (of course it makes very little difference, since the juries are bought and paid for). In patriotic fashion the press brands us "with the attempt to overthrow the government," and the millions of workers who have not as yet acquainted themselves with the true aims of the I. W. W. believe it to be true. From everywhere a cry of denunciation is heard. The I. W. W. can answer this in one way only—by broadcasting through the entire world its true aims and objects—to expose the entire well organized attempt of the capitalist class to wipe every vestige of working class organization out of existence and, in short, to acquaint the working class with the true nature of the class war, the causes underlying this struggle and their final solution.

The Convention discussed all these points at length and out of these discussions the following points of policy were adopted: that the Preamble was reaffirmed, that the class war is a grim reality, that mobilization of the workers on the industrial field for the overthrow of capitalism should be urged and advocated with more aggressiveness than ever before, that injunctions forbidding workers from organizing be disregarded, that the future policy of the I. W. W. be to disregard any laws, injunctions and decrees that have the purpose of

Master in Chancery appointed by a capitalist court. This they refused. After a thorough perusal of the controversy it was disclosed that their action in tying up the funds of the General Defense Committee and depriving the men on trial of proper defense and relief was uncalled for, as an auditing committee appointed from among the delegates found the books in A-No. 1 shape. The books of the general organization were likewise in good condition, and the lies that were circulated about gunmen being in control of General Headquarters were just so much hot air.

That there was an attempt to split the organization and perhaps (who knows?) to deliver it into the hands of the master class, can be best ascertained by the testimony of J. A. Griffith, who turned "state's evidence" and laid bare the plot of his fellow conspirators. Under severe cross-examination that lasted a whole day it was disclosed that the injunctionites were preparing "to go it alone," as it were. Griffith admitted that Rowan and Buchwald were preparing the minds of their dupes to the point where a split would be justified. Then came the report of the auditing committee elected by the Convention. It was clearly proven that I. U. 440 officials were incapable and inefficient men and that the money of the membership was not paid out for incurred bills—but spent on taxicab rides, Pullman sleepers and boodle to further their intrigues.

After days of investigation the convention expelled Rowan and his gang, this to be ratified by referendum.

All the general officials were suspended permanently. This suspension was necessary in order to cleanse the organization. Not that the administration of Doyle, Fisher and Morris committed some crime, but because of the very fact that they were the point of attack it was considered wise and expedient. Temporary general officials were elected from the floor of the convention. The convention empowered the Lumber Workers' and the Construction Workers' delegations to elect one from among each delegation to act as executive of his union. The Railroad Workers and the Metal and Machinery Workers are under the jurisdiction of the General Administration.

While this program of reorganization was being conducted, slimy propaganda was emanating from the splitters. They were calling upon the membership to line up with them and not recognize the convention. Their only points of issue were an attack upon the character of many of the delegates. All of their charges were fabrications.

They have been driven in the open and their propaganda clearly proves that their only cause is that of corruption and slime. The injunction is still pending and soon it will come up for final disposition before the labor-hating Judge Sullivan. The outcome, of course, is problematical, and no matter who is the victor in the court room the I. W. W. has suffered humiliation in the eyes of the world. The membership will of course vindicate

the name of the organization by ratifying the expulsion of these traitors. This is a battle between the forces of progress and the tools of the master class in our own ranks. The working class must not have its confidence in the industrial movement dashed. We must oust the interests of capital from our ranks. Sherman tried this game in 1906 and failed, and so it will be written into the pages of history how the present splitters failed. The Class War suffers many setbacks, but the militants are never defeated.

—wIw—

A WORKING GIRL TAKES A SLANT

(Continued from page 8)

woman" is ever to be meek, humble, poor, kowtowing to brains.

Old Dave cares no more for us than he would for an Airedale pup. Until Young Dave came to work at the shop we had a dark hole to work in and our foreman was unjust. Young Dave came in in 1916 and introduced modernity to his daddy.

My mother was ill two months ago. She was taken to the hospital for treatment. I was in my locker a few days after mother had been removed to the hospital and I overheard the woman welfare worker say to Minna Arenson, the girl who works at the machine next to mine: "We must take up a collection for Miss Fair to help pay her mother's hospital bill."

"They got money," said Minna. "Joan's father is a railroad engineer. Her two sisters teach school and her brother is a bank cashier. They got a swell home."

"Then why does Joan work with common working girls?"

"Because she is common like us," answered Minna. "She ain't got no brains. I went to school with Joan. She can't learn and she tries awfully hard. She can do things with her hands but her brains are slow. She leads a Girl Scout Troop and—"

"A working girl a Scout leader!" gasped our welfare worker.

And so it is. We work in shops. Consequently we are dumb, ignorant, and full of evil tendencies. If an intelligent working woman refuses to do shop work and takes a minor clerical position, who will fill the industrial ranks?

More girls from good homes would go into industry if the personnel did not try to pick them up, do for them, educate them, and try to run their lives.

I make thirty-five dollars a week. I am good at this work. I am no good in books. I went to school for years and got nowhere. I wanted to be a milliner. My folks rebelled and I stayed home for two years. Then, in desperation, I took this job, made good, and stuck. Sometimes, when the brainy and all-good welfare workers try to patronize me, I think I will walk out, but I could not earn thirty-five dollars a week any other place in town, so I sit tight.



JOHN COMES HOME

The Coming Freedom

A Dialogue
By PASQUALE RUSSO

PART I. IN THE MORNING

(Two wage slaves meet as they go to their labors in Packing town).

JOHN—(With a smile) Good morning, how are you Mike?

MIKE—I feel like hell, John. The landlord has raised my rent which means that the wife and kids will have less bread and butter.

JOHN—(Thoughtfully) Do not be ungrateful; thank the Lord for his many loving kindnesses.

MIKE—What kindnesses?

JOHN—At least one: that of giving you your daily bread.

MIKE—You are mistaken as to the source of my daily bread. It is not obtained from the Lord, but from my employer who in turn obtains it from the product of my toil. There is no relationship existing between my daily bread and the Lord

JOHN—(Dubiously) Infidel! Infidel! Your arrogance will be punished in the hereafter.

MIKE—(After reflecting a moment) My concern now is not what may happen after my death but the very present pressing problem of feeding my children

JOHN—You blaspheme. Repent before it is too late. If you guide your actions by such thoughts,

at death you will be condemned to eternal torment in Hell.

MIKE—I take no stock in such dogmas. If there be a heaven, it must be on this earth and designed especially for the master class. They have all the good things of life. On the other hand, for the working class it is a Hell; they have neither comfort, convenience nor pleasure.

JOHN—(Excitedly) You speak as an anarchist. Are you a bolshevist or an I. W. W. agitator?

MIKE—(With some evidence of pride) I am an Internationalist, a class conscious workingman. I have no interests in common with the master class and I consider it my duty to carry the gospel of scientific Socialism into every shop, hoping thereby the workers will realize the immense value of that philosophy.

JOHN—Your statement makes it all clear. You are one of those foreign agitators going about creating class hatred.

MIKE—My aim is to educate the workers.

JOHN—(Very excitedly) If you do not like the way things are run in this country, why do you not go back to Soviet Russia?

MIKE—Evidently you misconstrue; I am an Internationalist, man of all countries, without allegiance to any.

JOHN—Then you are a renegade with neither religion nor country.

MIKE—(Emphatically) My sentiments are in accord with Thomas Paine's: "The world is my country, all mankind are my brethren; and I believe that religious duty consists in doing justice, loving mercy, and in an endeavor to make our fellow creatures happy."

JOHN—(Interrupting) Do you believe in social equality for Negroes; would you recognize them as brothers?

MIKE—Yes! They are my brothers and if need be I will fight by their side so that both they and I be emancipated.

JOHN—Uncle Joe, who by the way, has read the Chicago Tribune for the past twenty-five years, claims that the white man is mentally superior to the Negro, based on considerations of the size and weight of the brain.

MIKE—For the sake of common sense do not speak of the Chicago Tribune, which as you well know is decidedly biased and an avowed enemy of organized labor. If your uncle will continue reading the Tribune for an additional fifty years he will remain as ignorant as he evidently is now. But in reply to the theory of your Uncle Joe, I wish to call your attention to the findings of Prof. Beals. After a very painstaking and impartial investigation of a large number of Negro skulls, he came to the conclusion that they have a distinctive structural peculiarity, but that this difference does not indicate the intellectual inferiority of the Negro.

Dr. Alexander A. Goldenweiser wrote a book entitled, "Early Civilizations," and speak-

ing about the unity of man demonstrated: "That the ape-like character of a Negro's jaws cannot be denied, but these very jaws are fitted out with a pair of lips that remove him as far from the animal as his jaws brings him near. For developed external lips are specifically a human trait, and in this particular the negro represents "man physical" more distinctly than any other race."

JOHN—Do you believe in the inter-marriage of white and negro workers?

MIKE—Yes, I do. It is quite out of the question for two races to live and work together without social intercourse and the frequent marriages that grow out of such a relationship. The two races have been intermingling their blood ever since the first slaves were brought to America and intermingling was indulged in during all the time of chattel slavery and even now after its abolition.

JOHN—Your statements are ridiculous and untrue! And, furthermore, your program is preposterous!

MIKE—Despite your opinion and despite all the laws framed, both races will fraternize matrimonially. According to so reliable an authority as William W. Gregg, a man who has devoted his life to study of the race question: "The mulatto percentage of the population in 1850 was only 11.2, in 1870 it was 12, in 1890 it was 15.2, by 1910 it had risen to 20.9 and it is now very probably much higher. The percentage of mulattoes in cities runs much higher, being for New York in 1910, 24.9, Boston 34.3, Washington 34.9, and Chicago 41.6. Such are the facts, John, whether you like it or not.

JOHN—Quote and say what you please. I dislike the negro, he is no good! In the Tribune of yesterday there was an editorial under the caption, "Rouge et Noir" in which it is advised that the negroes should not join the "reds," implying, of course, that "reds" are the enemies of society. While this advice is good, yet it is my opinion they will join the enemies and introduce a reign of terror in our country.

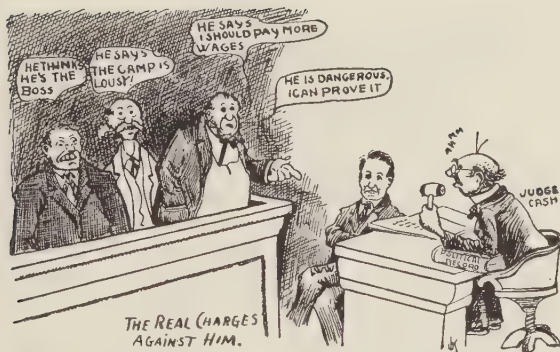
MIKE (Seriously)—John, you are evidently unaware that the Tribune is a tool of Big Business and as such inflames the workers' minds with race hatred, in order that they may be more successfully divided and controlled. Further, you fail to realize that the capitalists, as a class, fear the unity of the negro and white workers. By a union of the workers, white and black, we have the power to crush the despotic capitalistic class.

PART II. Lunch Hour

JOHN—Coming back to our conversation of this morning, I would like to ask why you insist on this class war when we as a people have the best government in the world?

MIKE—(Sarcastically) I admit we have a good government, the officials of which are all grafters.

JOHN—(Furiously) That is an untruth.



EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE FOR MIKE.

MIKE—Senator R. F. Pettigrew, in his book "Imperial Washington," tells the story boldly, truthfully and concludes: "The United States has already passed from republic to empire. We have a government of the thieves, for the thieves, by the thieves. It may be stated thus—a government of the corporations, for the corporations, by the corporations." In addition to this, Frank L. Vanderlip, following a \$600,000 libel action stated: "Corruption has attacked the government at its very heart."

JOHN—It appears from these statements that both Senator Pettigrew and Frank Vanderlip are agents of the bolsheviki government and are trying in some manner to foster unrest in this country.

MIKE—Have you been reading the papers recently, especially in reference to the "oil scandal" in the Teapot Dome affair? If you read the items carefully, you will be compelled to conclude that the enemies of the American people are not the reds but the 100 percent pay-triots like Fall, Daugherty and William J. Burns, the last of whom was the Tsar of the Department of Justice.

JOHN—Right you are, Mike, there is some dishonesty in government affairs, but for this the capitalists are in no wise to blame. The people, in their collective capacity, are responsible; they elected the representatives.

MIKE—(Pessimistically) In this you are mistaken. The people do not elect their representatives. Elections, such as they are, are engineered by the money power.

JOHN—Well and good, but remember we have a wonderful document in the United States Constitution, which did and does permit liberty and freedom to all.

MIKE—The Constitution of which you speak is a scrap of paper, written on by lawyers and land-owners. In the past it has served the master class well, and today is no less efficient. That document did not create a government of the people, but rather one of big business. The Constitution of 1787 was designed by a small class to further the interests of themselves. In regard to freedom, it is now a dead letter. Even

now it is a crime to publicly read the United States Constitution.

JOHN—Such things could not possibly happen in the United States!

MIKE—They do not? Why, John, less than a year ago, Upton Sinclair was arrested in San Pedro, California, for reading the preamble to the Constitution, the document of which you have been speaking.

JOHN—Oh, yes! Upton Sinclair, muckraker and enemy of society; author of the Profits of Religion, Goslings and other bolsheviki books!

MIKE—Are you aware that Sinclair stood on Liberty Hill, in the land of the black hand, oranges and jails, protesting against the suppression of free speech and the persecution together with the prosecution of the membership of the I. W. W.?

JOHN—The I. W. W. should be exterminated! They are traitors to our country; preachers of violence and bloodshed.

MIKE—In one respect you are correct, the I. W. W. is disloyal to the master class, but their attitude toward the workers is one of sincerity. In regard to all these rumors of violence and bloodshed, you may rest assured that they are merely capitalist propaganda promulgated for the purpose of discrediting the organization.

JOHN—(Interrupting) Don't fool yourself, Mike, I wish to call your attention to the affair in Centralia, Washington, where with deliberation and in cold blood several American soldiers were slaughtered by the I. W. W.

MIKE—The facts of the Centralia affair are: the American soldiers were hired by the lumber barons of Washington to destroy both the property and lives of the I. W. W. They intended to wreck the union hall and hang several of the members. In defending themselves, the I. W. W. opened fire, killing a number of soldiers. In order that you may understand this matter, read "The Centralia Tragedy" by Ralph Chaplin.

JOHN—Chaplin, oh, yes! One of the traitors sentenced to 20 years at hard labor by the Honorable Judge Landis.

MIKE—Yes, it is true, Chaplin and many others at that time that opposed participation in the World War. The opposition of these men was based on the fact that all the industrial resources of the country are owned by the capitalist class and they as a class promote war. The members of the I. W. W. on trial were workers, and since neither they nor the workers obtained aught else but hardships from war, they, quite logically, opposed it. Should the time come when the workers take charge of the industries, the policy for which Chaplin and his fellows stood would be to reconstruct society, permitting each to do some useful work. whilst the resources of the world will be the property of all.

JOHN—Such a policy would do more harm than good. Should the workers capture society as

proposed by you, no doubt their first official act would be to kill all capitalists and preachers.

MIKE—In this you are mistaken. Our first official act would be, "That all must work."

PART III.

(The dialogue is continued as they return to their homes).

JOHN—Referring to our conversation of the noon hour, I wish to ask: In case the preachers, lawyers, business men, and capitalists refuse to work, what then?

MIKE—(Resolutely) No work, no eat.

JOHN—Surely you would make some exceptions. Lawyers and business men, possibly, should be put to work, but you would not demand this of the preachers. They are the Lord's representatives on earth and should have leisure to study and preach his word.

MIKE—(Smiling) It is pleasant indeed, that you concede the necessity of lawyers and business men doing their share of the world's work, but consider more specifically the preacher. Under a worker's government he will possess the same right to preach as heretofore. He will in no wise be curtailed in that right. He may preach to his heart's content on Sunday, provided, of course, that he reports for work at the appointed hour Monday morning.

JOHN—What would result should Congress enact a law compelling every preacher to do useful work?

MIKE—(Laughingly) If the preachers should be put to work, for the first time in their lives they would be in a position to tell their listeners the truth, i. e., that the real hell is in this world for those who are exploited under the yoke of wage slavery. The useful employment of preachers would rid society of many parasites.

JOHN—During our conversation you have had much to say about the capitalists. Do you not know that the United States is the richest country in the world and this financial supremacy is due to the abilities of our capitalist class?

MIKE—You are mistaken, John. The wealth of this country has been produced by the workers although the capitalists have contrived to come into possession of it. Therefore, the workers own nothing at all.

JOHN—Surely, Mike, you are joking. Every one of our people enjoy the blessings of our prosperous condition.

MIKE—According to the report of the Industrial Commission for 1915, the distribution of wealth was as follows: The rich numbered two millions, each of whom owned on an average \$42,000, making all told 84 billions of dollars. That is to say that 2 percent of the population owned 60 percent of the wealth. The middle class numbered 33 million persons, owning on an average about \$1,500. The total wealth of this class was 49 billions of dollars. Thirty-three percent of

the people owned 35 percent of the wealth. Of the poor there are 65 million persons, each of whom averages \$107 or altogether 7 billion dollars. Sixty-five percent of the people of the United States own but 5 percent of the total wealth. Read the figures, the conclusion is plain.

JOHN—(Sadly) Yes, considering your figures, there are some injustices in the distribution of wealth, but they are modified and relieved by the very efficient work of the many institutions, all of which receive liberal donations from the capitalist class.

MIKE—In speaking of charity you overlook some obvious relations. During every sixteen minutes, in the United States, a worker is killed at his duty. At the very moment of his death he is engaged in producing a portion of the very wealth that is contributed to charitable organizations.

JOHN—Gompers, one of your own labor leaders, is a 100 percent loyal patriot and has for years fought the battles of organized labor; he does not talk as you do.

MIKE—Gompers, the supreme Emperor of the American Federation of Labor, is in truth one of the greatest enemies of organized labor in this country. He is a fakir and for the last forty years has been a tool of Wall Street. He has been instrumental, times without number, in the defeat of labor.

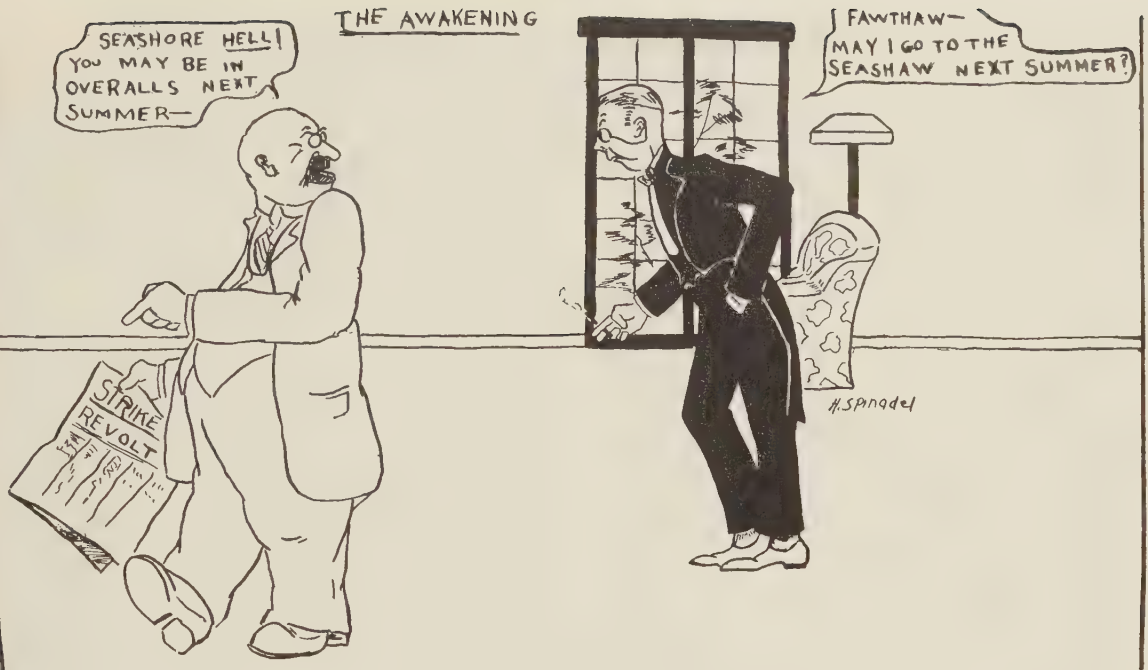
JOHN—During the war for Democracy, when our country was in danger, Gompers offered his services to the government and was of great assistance in the successful prosecution of the war. Had Gompers sided with the radical elements, the United States today would be under the domination of the reds, our avowed enemies.

MIKE—Wilson, under the influence of Morgan and other bankers, was forced to enter the European carnage in order to have the United States Treasury pay over \$400,000,000 owed to American bankers by European governments. The workers had nothing to gain from this transaction nor from the war in general. But Gompers, as a lackey of the industrial lords, decided to offer his services, hoping thereby to make America a free country for Morgan, Sinclair, Doheny, Mellon, Guggenheim and other millionaires. Right you are when you say that Gompers aided the government in the prosecution of the war. How well it is realized that Sam Gompers was in a way the savior of the capitalist class.

JOHN—You may denounce the capitalist class all you wish, but there is one thing sure, and that is that we are living in a free country where justice is to be had equally by rich or poor.

MIKE—Under the capitalist regime there can be no justice for the workers. Let me call your attention to several very prominent incidents. During the late war the government was defrauded of millions of dollars by firms and individuals, all of whom have gone scott free. On

THE AWAKENING



the other hand, we see thousands of workers in jail for no other crime than that of defending the rights of their own class. You may be proud of America, but I am frank to tell you I see little to take pride in. In the state of Massachusetts, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti are sentenced to die for being loyal to the working class. The authorities of Michigan have for some time past engineered frameups against the Workers' Party, C. E. Ruthenberg and William Z. Foster being the victims. Ralph Dolla, a man active in the steel strike, is now serving five years in Pennsylvania. In California, Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings have been in a dungeon for seven years, victims of an infernal frameup, under the direction of the master class. Also, in that same state there are daily prosecutions and convictions of I. W. W. and other working class persons. In each case it is alleged that they have violated the Busick injunction or the criminal syndicalism law. Very recently in Chicago, Judge Sullivan issued an injunction against the Ladies Garment Workers using the sidewalks of the city for the purposes of picketing. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, California, Illinois, Michigan, do you mean to say that they are lands of justice and freedom? Rather they are lands of frameups and lynchings.

JOHN—You are a reincarnated Benedict Arnold; a traitor to your country; you should hang your head in shame.

MIKE—If loyalty to the working class means that I am a traitor, then I am proud to be a traitor. However, all this is beside the mark. All the frameups and prosecutions will not delay the coming freedom. Even men with little discern-

ment now know that the future belongs to the working class.

JOHN—What then will be the future of the working class without capitalists?

MIKE—The answer to your question is: In the course of history we have found it convenient to dispose of feudal barons and chattel slaves, and by the same token the workers can get along without capitalists.

JOHN—Won't there always be rich and poor?

MIKE—Poverty is a product of social conditions. It came as a result of our present diabolical system of exploitation of labor. With the passing of the capitalist mode of production, each person will receive the full product of his labor. Therefore, all those who labor will have sufficient means, thus abolishing poverty.

JOHN—In essence that is socialism and the abolition of private property.

MIKE—It will mean the abolition of all private ownership of the social means of production and distribution, but that only means those things which are collectively and socially used.

JOHN—You mean that I should divide my savings with some tramp!

MIKE—My words did not imply that. The theory of Socialism implies that the workers who produce all the wealth of the world should get the full value of their production.

JOHN—To inaugurate such a movement in America would be to introduce anarchy, bloodshed and terrorism.

MIKE—Your logic is weak. Instead we will have a very different country, it will be free of class domination, without hunger, poverty and jails and will be a country run for the benefit of all.

JOHN—Please explain, in somewhat simpler English, the aim of this workers' ownership of which you speak.

MIKE—Bishop Brown put it in a sentence: "Banish Gods from the skies and capitalists from the earth." This will free the workers from wage slavery and will transform this earth into a heaven for the working class. A world wherein there will be freedom, where none will go hungry, where each will love all. Such a society would in truth be the coming freedom, the brotherhood of man.

JOHN—I begin to comprehend the sense of your argument, and before going forward with you, may I ask, what should I and other workers do to further our emancipation?

MIKE—My answer is Organization! We must unite, organize into One Big Union. In fact, this is our historic mission. In order to succeed best in this undertaking, we must agitate and educate the workers—inculcate in them the philosophy of Scientific Socialism.

JOHN—I see more clearly now. In a sense my eyes are now open. Before meeting with you I lived in darkness, but now that you direct my attention to it, I begin to realize that capitalism is tyrannical. From now on, depend upon me as a rebel, one who will work night and day for the emancipation of the working class.

MIKE—Here, John, is the hand of comradeship, and may we two carry forward the gospel of Scientific and Revolutionary Socialism.

JOHN—Three cheers for the working class of the world!

MIKE—Long live the proletariat!

JOHN—Long live the coming freedom!

MIKE—Let us sing our anthem together:

**"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For Justice thunders condemnation;
A better world's in birth.**

**"No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall:
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all."**

—wIw—

INDOORS AND OUTDOORS

A case of lung tuberculosis. A young man. When I ask him about his past, he lifts his head, and his cloudy eyes glimmer. After a while he begins to smile and tells me the story of his adventurous life. Then he concludes with these words:—Yes, it is difficult to stay the whole day in a shop, together with so many other people, especially for a man like me. I was born on the water, in Europe, on a river boat, of which my father was the captain, and I was always out-of-doors, under the broad, blue sky, until a few years ago. Here in the shop I am suffocating. I cannot breathe. No, I cannot breathe—

And he has a fit of coughing.

—"As A Doctor Sees It."

Sick Old California

(Continued from page 22.)

the "Golden State" recently. And typhoid fever is due to dirt. The germ has to be eaten, and can get into man's food only through contaminated water or milk supply, or by exposing the food to dust or to flies that have access to filth.

None of these diseases would be the least bit dangerous to humanity without dirt. Some of them even then can be stopped by inoculation.

But cleanliness costs money—it means that the wage must be high enough to pay laundry bills—to pay for a new shirt once in a while—to pay for decent housing conditions—and to afford leisure for the act of cleaning up. And the boss wants low wages and long hours on the job.

Wholesale vaccination against smallpox demands money, for the vaccination itself, and to convince certain religious and other fanatics that it is needed. The boss doesn't want to spend the money—and doesn't want to teach people scientific truths. Obscurantism, and romantic prejudice, and ignorance, he finds both cheaper and safer. If the worker learns too much he may become dangerous. It is significant that it is in California, home of freak religions, whose school system Upton Sinclair declares is run by the Black Hand, that these epidemics break forth.

It costs money in labor camps especially, to screen out the California plague of flies; it is cheaper, for the boss, to let the worker die of typhoid.

Yes, California is a great state. It is no more coincidence that the home of more plagues than they ever heard of in Egypt is also the home of the extreme in anti-labor legislation—the Busick Injunction and the Criminal Syndicalism law. Here you see the operation of cause and effect. The very suppression of Labor encourages disease. But the I. W. W. will clean up, yet.



No wonder he's fat—
He gets everything.

Can the Leopard Change His Spots?

BOOK REVIEW By CALIF. PUBLICITY MAN

SOMEONE has said that history repeats itself. This can be proved by reading "THE LIFE OF JOHN BROWN," by Michael Gold. In comparing the records of the "Border Ruffians," the scoundrels who terrorized the Northern settlers in Kansas just previous to the Civil war, and the records of the "Respectables" who have terrorized the workers in San Pedro during the year of 1924, one senses a terrible sameness.

In order to understand the struggle between the pro-slavery element and the Abolitionists, one must understand something of the economic life of the country at that time. And to understand the struggle now going on in San Pedro, and for that matter all over the world, one must understand something of the economic life of today.

Another Ancient Evil

Chattel slavery in America was an old and well entrenched custom. Its roots reached away back to 1619 when a Dutch sloop first landed its load of human freight on the shores of British America. It is only natural that the slave owners of the "chivalrous South" did not want to give up such a profitable business. They acted in accordance with the law of economic determinism, although they probably were not aware of it. And as the masters of all times have justified their brutality by moral platitudes, so the Bourbons of the Old South said that slavery was ordained by God, and that "it was an act of philanthropy to keep the Negro here as we keep our children in subjection for their own good."

Wage slavery is also an old and well established institution. It reaches back in various guises to the 13th century, but it did not become universal until the close of the 17th century, when the introduction of steam-driven machinery displaced the older mode of production. Wage slavery is very respectable. Some day, perhaps, men and women will learn to abhor wage slavery just as strongly as we abhor chattel slavery today. Some day it is possible that anyone who tries to enslave little children in the factories of the South and East, and in the vineyards of California will be looked upon as a brute. But as yet it is considered just and ethical to exploit the workers. In fact one is not reckoned among "our best people" unless he is an exploiter. It is only "radicals" who consider it is morally wrong for little children to be forced into the factories, mills and vineyards to produce wealth at the expense of their tiny, tired bodies.

Puts Up Same Argument

The master of today justifies wage slavery much in the same manner as the Southern aristocracy justified chattel slavery. George F. Baer of the coal trust is quoted as declaring that:

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by labor and

agitation, but by the Christian men whom God, in his infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of this country."

And to understand the other side of the picture one must understand something of the viewpoint of the members of the I. W. W. against whom all the recent attacks have been hurled. These men have been imprisoned, beaten, vilified, intimidated and murdered by the "respectables" who want to ride forever on the back of Labor, just as was the case of the Abolitionists and the slave-owning class. The struggle can be summed up briefly in the words of Abraham Lincoln:

"It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time. The one is the common right of Humanity, the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'you toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it.'"

In San Pedro the shipping combine and their vassals rode rough-shod over the rights of the workers, and their retainers in public office winked at their actions, just as the "Border Ruffians" ignored the law and persecuted all who did not prescribe their doctrine of human slavery.

A Perfect Parallel

Here are a few samples of the deeds of both. Read and compare them.

"Yet we will continue to tar and feather, drown, lynch and hang every white-livered Abolitionist who dares to pollute our soil," said a flamboyant editorial in the Squatter Sovereign, published in Atchison, Kansas.

The capitalist papers of San Pedro and Los Angeles openly instigate the "Respectables" to mob action and praise the action of the fiends who tortured little children and beat men and women.

Many acts of violence against the Abolitionists were perpetrated by the "Border Ruffians." One alone will be given.

Charles Dow, an anti-slavery advocate, was murdered by Franklin Coleman, a pro-slavery settler from Virginia. Nothing was done to bring Coleman to justice, but Jacob Branson who had lived with the murdered man was arrested and charged with having made threats to avenge the murder.

In San Pedro the I. W. W. hall was raided on June 14. Nine children were scalded with boiling coffee and hot grease; men and women were beaten and terrified; six men were tarred and feathered by the mob. One woman died as a result of the raid. Nothing was done towards apprehending and punishing the raiders, despite the fact that some of them were identified by eye-witnesses. On the other hand fresh arrests and persecution of the

I. W. W. members began immediately after the come a-shooting. Damn such spawn as you and the women that bore you. Now you b—s hike!"

Same Kind of Threats

Threats were made against the Abolitionists almost daily. The following is a typical example:

"Sound the bugle of war over the length and breadth of the land, and leave not an Abolitionist in the territory to relate their treacherous and contaminating deeds. Strike your piercing rifle balls and your glittering steel to their black and poisonous hearts."

Read the following that was sent to the members of the I. W. W. in San Pedro after the raid:

"REDS, NOTICE!!

"You will move out of this town, or you will be blown out. Next time you are taken out your damn eyes will be torn out; that will mean that you won't be able to see to agitate, you dirty un-American dogs.

"You are done in San Pedro. Next time we

Nothing New

The slave-owning class is the same today as it was in the stirring days of John Brown and the Abolitionists. They still commit crimes against the oppressed and hide their blood-stained hands in the flag of the country. Anyone who does not prescribe their doctrine of slavery and exploitation is branded as an outlaw and traitor.

Yet today there are men who will not kneel at the feet of Mammon. There are John Browns and Wendell Phillipses and William Lloyd Garri- sons of wage slavery as there were of chattel slavery. Nearly one hundred of them are in the "Twin Hells" of California. Others are in the stockade in Los Angeles. Still other are in Walla Walla, Boise, McAllister and the other prison camps of the masters for their unswerving loyalty to the working class. But the spirit of Liberty lives, and John Brown's soul goes marching on.

In Regard to Psyching Wobs

(A Letter)

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER (Attention of Card No. 794514): You will be interested in learning that opinions stated in your review (in November Pioneer) of Floyd H. Allport's book, "Social Psychology," are confirmed by another reviewer writing in "The Journal of Philosophy," published by Ohio State University, Vol. XXI, No. 21, Oct. 9, 1924. Prof. A. B. Wolfe is the author of this review, and he says in part:

"The chapter (in "Social Psychology") on social adjustments likewise furnishes much food for thought, but also some matters on which question should be raised. The problem of adjustment is regarded as one conflict between the individual's socialized drives and his more primitive, unsocialized impulses. An old and familiar problem of morals is thus stated in new psychological terms. But the statement does not cover the whole problem of adjustment. The individual frequently has to face the problem of adjusting the conflict of two socialized drives. It is doubtful whether, as soon as we leave the field of child psychology and that of the defective and criminal, unsocialized drives play so important a part in the drama of conflict. To be sure, all psychological conflict may be traced back to the sub-foundation of prepotent reflexes and to repression or suppression somewhere, but a highly socialized drive may suffer repression just as truly as may a primitive impulse. . . . So, too, question may be raised as to the balance and validity of the doctrine which makes inferiority complexes the key to the explanation of the radical attitude. The author at this point very nearly involves himself in circular reasoning.

"In general it may be said that the last two chapters, on social adjustment and social behavior in

relation to society, in which social psychology is brought to bear on sociological phenomena and problems, are less satisfactory than the rest of the book. Here the author becomes somewhat eclectic and less critical. The mechanistic point of view is less clearly maintained. And the treatment is of a far more summary nature than the matter deserves."

Prof. Wolfe seems to be expressing, in guarded, polite, academic language, the conclusion of Card No. 794514, that Allport doesn't know anything about radicals, however fine a psychologist he may be. Allport has written a leaflet or pamphlet about the I. W. W., which I shall try to obtain for you.

One other point you might take notice of. Wolfe states that two highly socialized drives may clash, and that this may result in serious mal-adjustment, and may (presumably) result in open physical combat, until the advocates of one or other of these be driven from the field. I can easily imagine that those who are mainly under the domination of such a drive as patriotism may clash violently with those whose main drive is class solidarity. According to Behaviorist psychology, it would probably be discovered too, that these persons were dominated by their respective drives as a result of their early training, that is, by their environment. In that case, the open civil war in society would be preceded by a kind of mental civil war, in the individuals of the revolutionary class, while they fought out the issue between the patriotism taught them in school, and the new drive, learned from their actual daily life, and surroundings in the shops and about the workbench. This idea is not in any way different, except in phraseology, from that of economic determinism. **University Student.**

How Masters Decay

(A Dramatic Review By Card No. 794514)

"**W**HITE CARGO," a three act play at the Cort, Chicago, is a melodramatic thing, but it is probably more truth than poetry at that.

I remember once sitting through about thirty lectures by Professor Bonn, of the Munich Handels Hochschule, one time assistant secretary of colonial affairs in the German Imperial government, and when I heard him, exchange professor at a certain American institution of learning. Bonn told his class (composed of the sons of capitalists and those who intended to become higher servants of capitalism) how to keep the heathen in subjection, especially the Africans.

Bonn quite frankly admitted that there was no logical reason why the native should work, from the native's point of view. The savage lived in a way, and had such wants and desires, that he could spend a large part of his time sleeping in the shade, or hunting, or engaged in tribal ceremonies. These things were all of much more interest and apparently gave considerably more enjoyment to the African than working in rubber forests, or digging in gold and diamond mines.

But the object of modern capitalist colonization in Africa is to obtain rubber, diamonds and gold. The white man can not stand it to labor in that climate, and there is no use trying to make him. Therefore the native must be compelled in some way to do the rough toil, swing the pick and shovel, etc.

One way is open slavery. This is a very primitive and crude way, though quite effective if secret enough. If it is not secret, there is trouble; humanitarians and laboring classes in Europe and America make a lot of fuss about it.

One excellent way is to take labor contracts in return for goods sold the negro. This is perfectly ethical, according to most liberals even, and would meet with universal favor, if it were not for the peculiar tastes of the negro. In the beginning the negro doesn't want anything the factories of Europe provide, except the very things he shouldn't have. He rejects plows, overalls, baby carriages, chewing gum, and frock coats—and everything else except whiskey and rifles. That would make very little difference, the negro would get whiskey and rifles, if the white trader had not discovered by experience that when the negro is about half shot he loses all his superstitious awe and reverence for the mysterious white man, and instead, always tries to ambush him somewhere on the garden walk and ram a spear through him. And if you sell the untutored savage guns, why, it's even worse.

White bourgeois ingenuity is not paralysed by these difficulties, however. There are two ways left, both of which have succeeded exceedingly well. One is the Kaffir way. You levy a tax, payable in money.

All white people know about taxes; none of them, however liberal and humanitarian, can object to taxes. But the negro hasn't any money. You levy this tax on his huts, or his cattle. If you have to, you take these things, using machine guns if necessary. But usually the negro loves his hut, and his range cattle. He is willing to compromise. Very well, let him earn the money for the tax. You offer him a job. And the trick is done. You see to it that you get a good long labor contract, and charge him almost as much for his board as you pay him in wages, and then take the rest of the cash away from him with the tax. While he is yours, you keep him in a stockade, and perhaps you teach him to use civilized commodities, create a market for them. The mines of Africa were started by this process, except where the Boers used chattel slaves.

The other way is the Congo way. You levy a tribute directly, in rubber, on the chiefs, whom you keep drunk or drugged. You suggest to the chiefs that they make their people collect rubber, so many pounds per man, and that if they don't, it is a deadly insult to their royal majesty, and somebody must have his hands cut off. You provide a guard of honor for the chiefs, with whom you make such treaties, and in return for the tribute, you defend them from rebellion on the part of their subjects. But the mutilations and the torture that go with this method are usually performed by the black soldiers of the native kings, and European capitalism can still go to church on Sundays, and contribute to foreign missions. No stain on its hands.

The play, "White Cargo" is seriously misleading, in that it fails to specify which of these methods is used. It pretends to give a glimpse of African life, and leaves out this most necessary information. However, from references to rubber, we presume that it is the Congo way that occupies the ordinary working hours of the white masters in the play.

You are shown a hut or bungalow, somewhere in Africa. It is the station of some big English corporation, after rubber. Everybody is very peevish. All the whites are grouchy, except those that are drunk, either upon gin or religion. You are introduced to Witzel, the slave driver, too tough to rot; the doctor, too drunk to stay in Europe; the skipper and the engineer of the river packet, just comic relief; the missionary, same tribe everywhere—regular salvation army attitude, but the environment gets him, in the end he becomes an advocate of adultery; Jim Fish, much abused negro house servant; Ashley, in the process of decay, the younger son of some English master class family, he is supposed to be the chief boss; Langford, his successor, same type as Ashley—his decay is the main plot of the play; Worthington—same type as Langford—comes in at the end, ready to begin decaying.

Then there is Tondeleyo, half breed vamp—she is there to point the moral.

The characters, as you will observe, are all, with the exception of Tondeleyo and Jim Fish, of the master class—not exactly owners themselves, but straw-bosses and attaches of the ruling class, reacting as the real rulers do under practically all circumstances, and representing capitalism to the natives.

Now, as Bonn pointed out to his class some years ago, there is a very definite way of conduct for the white master in a negro country.

In the first place, he must **not** do “nigger work”. He must **not** do what the Catholics call “servile labor”. It is all right to perform clerical work—the negro probably considers that magic, anyway. It is all right to engage in sport, hunting, etc. But you must everlastingly drill it into the heads of the negroes that the white man is something divine, created on purpose to be worked for, or the primitive logic of the savage will cause him to try to invent some way to avoid working for you.

In the second place, there absolutely must **not** be any fraternizing between races. The negro **must** be kept in his place at all times. It is an excellent thing if the native women can be kept in their places, too, but if they can’t be, why, above all else, don’t marry them, for that admits a certain equality.

In the third place, all whites should be of a cold, superior, indomitable, tireless type. Any complaining, weeping or loss of nerve is fatal.

Witzel meets these requirements fairly well. He is nearly the ideal slave driver. He has an overpowering greed himself, and is staying in Africa just for no other reason than to buy two hundred shares a year of the stock of the rubber company. He is a little dirty, but that is as much as anything due to his association with the weaker whites who are supposed to be his bosses. He is cruel—the first thing he does on the stage is to hand Jim Fish a lick with a black-snake whip. He flies into rages at the complaining, whining bosses the company sends to order him around. He does what he can to preserve the dignity of the white caste. If capitalism had enough like him, its rule over the tropics would be secure.

But capitalism has no such sinecure. There is the problem of the younger son. The younger son, in America (the South), in Africa, in Asia, is a great spoiler of the omniscient, god-like white ruling caste idea.

The white ruler will have too many children. The older children under primo-geniture, to which ruling castes are addicted, will take over the family estates. The younger son has nothing to do, and has been necessarily brought up under a code of ethics which tells him he cannot do “nigger work”. So, whatever his merits, or demerits, he has to be given a place as a petty official of some sort in some government service, or some big company, or he will become “poor white trash,” poverty stricken, characterless, shiftless and a disgrace to his race and

his family.

And the younger sons are usually descendants of people whose only claim to fame was greed, and unscrupulousness, whose only abilities, in a capitalistic age, were those that do not stand them in good stead as white masters of native tribes. They come to the tropics, full of illusions, and once there, find that they have either inherited no abilities from their parents, or those which are useless under these circumstances. The result is the rotting away of these individuals, and their spreading ruin about them as they decay.

Of course, the parts of Africa from which rubber comes are admittedly bad places to live in. All the authorities from the times of Cruikshank and of Livingstone to the very latest Geographical Society experts are unanimous that this region is extra hot, full of many sorts of fevers, humid, etc. These facts are brought out in the play. The very bungalow the company occupies is rotting away. Strings rot and pictures fall while the speeches go on. But that is part of the particular job these men are supposed to do. Scientists, even drunken ones, stand the climate pretty well. The younger sons of capitalists and landlords do not.

You find young Ashley, the first victim, a whining, gibbering wreck, panting for the ship to take him back to the coast, and eventually, out of the country. There comes in young Langford, the second victim, and you are treated to three acts of drama while Africa, or rather Langford’s own weaknesses, get him. He turns into a monomaniac, dead set on breaking solidarity with his race and marrying the half-breed, Tondeleyo.

When he attempts this, even his enemy, Witzel, pleads with him not to do it. Even the missionary, who has held a high and mighty moral tone up until now, advises him that in this case an unchaste union with the girl is far better than one sanctioned by the holy St. Paul, and the practice and sacrament of the church. This is the best part of the play, where it shows the master class stripping itself of its hypocrisies, and demanding adherence to master class ideals.

The moral of the play is that the master who breaks this master class solidarity gets it in the neck. Tondeleyo, whom the half insane Langford does marry, poisons him. And again master class solidarity comes to the fore. Witzel has now added the utmost in disgust to his former resentment toward the erring Langford, but he can’t let any “nigger” get away with the murder of a white man. He is two-thirds in love with Tondeleyo himself, but he sets a trap for her, catches her giving a second dose to Langford, and makes her drink it herself. Then while they carry out victim number two, victim number three appears on the scene, in the shape of young Worthington. And you get the curtain, fully confident that Worthington will go the way the other two went.

All workers have a right to be thankful for the weaknesses of master class children.

A Few Black Flashes

(Continued from page 4.)

ef yo'll stan' theah, an' let me tie yo' eyes like heuh's was tied, an' let me tie yo' ahms like heuh's was tied, an' jes' stan theah till the moon shines in, fo' we pulled heuh up on the rope when the the moon shined in—why Jim, the quatah's youhs!"

"An' Jim, he look soht uh queeah, an' he says, 'Boss, Ah ain' a-scahed, but Ah reckon, jes' the same, Ah, won' do it.'"

"Yeh, thas' it. Theah all supistitious—niggah supistition, an' it's a damn good thing."

And just to cap the climax, this same man, not five minutes later, in answer to some query of mine as to what killed the tree of the execution, or whether they picked out a dead tree to hang negroes on, looked at me in real surprise and said: "Dead tree? Why suah—it alluz kills a tree to hang a niggah on it!"

* * *

Then there was an episode in Pearl River County, Miss. You come up through the cypress swamps, and enter somewhat higher ground. Houses appear, negro tenants, the beginning of Southern tenancy. The land is owned by big landlords. The tenant farmers rent on shares, and turn over to the landowners their product. The landowners sell the product, and give the negro farmers back what they think they need of the cornmeal and bacon, and a little money from the sale of sugar cane, or cotton. This is really serfdom. In Pearl River County it is not as well developed as in other places. There is plenty of standing timber still, and more than the usual number of white workers in the logging camps.

Pearl River County, you see, has enough civilization in it, and enough industry, to require banks; and as luck would have it, somebody robbed a bank just as I strolled into Poplarville, the county seat.

All strangers were arrested, including myself, and I was thrown into a cell where they kept a most unsavory character. This individual had been an assistant nurse, or orderly, in a hospital for venereal diseases in New Orleans. He wanted to talk shop, and immediately flooded me with statistics about the prevalence of gonorrhea and syphilis in the South. It seems to be about twice as bad there as anywhere else in the world, due to the abysmal ignorance of the entire population in regard to elementary sanitation and prophylactic measures. This individual seemed to feel that a part of his duties was to aid the white prostitutes in their rivalry with the black, and especially the mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons. He was well able to prove that he was not alone in this attitude. The race war in the redlight district was a matter of some moment in the larger cities of the South. There were innumerable clippings from the best and most widely read daily papers of



The Home Of The Black Slave

Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, making propaganda against the mixed breeds in the brothels.

Few white women would consort with any but white men, and not so very many white men would deliberately seek out the coal black women. But the cream colored women took customers from among the blacks and whites indiscriminately, and got rich twice as fast as the purer bloods. They were gradually taking over the redlight districts of the South, and white supremacy was endangered. My cellmate got quite indignant over it, thoroughly worked up. He was in jail, as I found out afterwards, for some particularly mean sort of graft, but he was a white man, and standing for white supremacy everywhere.

So, finally, the sheriff found my alibi in good shape, and tried to make amends for my imprisonment by carrying me several miles on my way in his car. On the way he conversed, to pass away the time, about his latest execution. He had hanged a negro the day before. There had been, several months before, a hold-up, in which three negroes shot and fatally wounded one white man.

Those particular negroes got away, but when negroes kill a white man, the logic of a white terror demands victims. Some negroes have to suffer for it, as an example to the rest. So they arrested a couple of black men, and brought them to trial. The judge was, as my sheriff companion said, "soft." Perhaps he was infatuated with the law, or perhaps he was merely a kindly soul, who did not realize that a master class must be heartless, cruel, and terrible, if it is to rule by terror. Anyway, after these negroes were convicted (negroes are *always* convicted) this judge declared that there was no evidence against them, and that he would exercise his privilege, and sentence them to a term of years instead of to death. Within an hour after this became known, "the boys" assembled, and took the two negroes out and hanged them.

But this was not the end of the story. After

a bit, and in the way of an object lesson to the judge, the sheriff arrested a promising young fellow in whom the judge had shown some interest—perhaps he was a relative. All around the most glorious of old Southern families there is a twilight zone of black relatives, sons and daughters of the concubines of the slave-holding ancestors.

Anyway, this young negro was charged with being the third murderer—there was no evidence, but that meant nothing in a Southern court, and he came up in due form for sentence. And the judge said, "George, I'm going to sentence you to death. I know you didn't do this killing. But if I don't hang you the boys will, and I reckon we can hang you better than they can."

* * *

Another doctor, a real one this time, one who had studied at Harvard Medical School, picked me up in the actually civilized part of Georgia, south of Atlanta. His northern residence had made him a little critical of the Southerners. He despised them also because of the quantities of Coca-Cola they drank. And he told me this story:

Roosevelt appointed a negro postmaster to a little station on the Georgia side of the Alabama border. Such a thing had never been heard of since the carpet-bag days. And the doctor, whose practice lay in that vicinity, rode into town a few days after the new postmaster arrived and found the office padlocked.

"Where's the postmaster?" he said to the justice of the peace, who was chewing tobacco on the porch next door.

"That niggah!" came the slow and scornful answer. "The las' time Ah seed that niggah, he was tryin' to swim across the Chattahoochee Rivah, with a piece of railroad rail tied to his neck, an' Ah nevah heeuhd whethuh he made it across oah not—'spec' prob'ly he didn'."

* * *

All these things, and many more like them, I heard from the whites, the master class. They did not try to conceal the fact that they ruled by terror, they tried to make it plain to me. It was their justification for the things they did. They

were cynical, amused, confident—morally superior, for they knew that they held the right of life and death over the black slaves that hoed their cotton, plowed their fields and did all the heavy work of whatever sort.

When you go to the negroes, to ask about the white terror, be sure that you roll your r's and clip your pronunciation—talk as little like a Southerner as possible. The Northerner and especially the Westerner, are liked. When you have talked a few minutes with any negro in the South, any one long enough to convince him you are not of the tribe of his enemies, you will get some story of violence and oppression. You will hear of wholesale cheating by white bosses, of wanton and brutal assault, of black men being knocked down with hammers, or shot dead with rifles, shotguns or revolvers for slight discourtesies, or fancied insubordination. No white man is ever punished for this sort of thing.

The negro has just two things the master class wants, his women and his labor power. The white landowners in the South are in the habit of taking either one of these, without recompense, and requiring any attempt to defend either, or to secure payment for either, by the infliction of extreme pain, or sudden death. You can hear stories of whole families of negroes being wiped out in a few minutes by some infuriated employer whose servants have dared to ask for the payment of their wages, or the return of their daughter. They will tell you ghastly tales of black men being burned to death an inch at a time, with kerosene-soaked rags, because they resented with a blow, perhaps, some intolerable insult. But all these stories come from the oppressed, and there are too many of them to repeat, and when they are repeated, the apologists for the Southern master always dismisses them as "nigger lies" intended to excuse the negroes' "well known laziness, sinfulness, and immorality."

That is why I have chosen in illustration of the white terror, to stick pretty closely to the "confessions" of members of the white ruling class itself.

SECTION II. THE FUTILITY OF SEGREGATION

The entire system of the white terror is built on the fact that the whites own the property, the land and all the machinery of production, while the negro works for a living; but it is also built on the theory that the whites are immensely wiser, better, and more respectable, while the negroes belong to a sub-race, different essentially from the whites, unfit to own property, or to be masters of their own destiny, and especially unfit to associate with the superior race, the whites. The theory draws upon a pseudo-scientific literature, is full of half-baked arguments about the shape of negro heads, and the hardness of the sutures in negro skulls, and has lately derived new support from the in-

telligence testers. These, during the period in which they were a fad, contrived to draw the same erroneous conclusions from tests of negroes that they drew from tests of workers; namely, that both negroes and white workers were inferior, intellectually, to white business men, and that negro workers were inferior to the whites. The intelligence test is coming under fire now; it makes too many mistakes; all the most honest of the intelligence test advocates are beginning to admit that training, education, home environment, and a thousand factors in personality intervene in tests which the older "testers" thought they had been excluded from. But the South hasn't heard of the repudia-



A PLAN SURE TO FAIL

The desire for segregation of races carries the Southern legislator to ridiculous extremes. This small railway station, hardly larger than a packing crate, has still its two tiny waiting rooms, one for whites and one for blacks.

tion of the intelligence test. It has just learned of the test itself, and Southern magazines and newspapers are making the most of it.

The Marxian theory that men, in the mass, are prone to accept those intellectual theories that suit their pocketbook, is being proved in the South by the uncritical way the Southern intelligentsia swallows every faddish notion that tends to the discredit of the negro.

* * *

But the theory that the negro is a kind of beast, fore-ordained to an infra-human status, is doomed anyway. A beast can be kept in a stall in the barn, while men sleep in their beds in houses. This division was never observed in the South. The Southern white man either cannot or will not observe it. And as a result, there is hardly such a thing as pure Ethiopian blood any more, in spite of the fact that the negroes brought to America came mostly from the Gold Coast, where the tribes were about the least mixed with non-Ethiopians of any negroes in Africa. There are coal black negroes in the South now only as Mendelian reversions. They may look black, perhaps some of them are black, but only because of some peculiar crossing of chromosomes. The race itself is thoroughly mixed, and many an almost white child is born of parents both of whom seem absolutely African in feature and color. By the same token, the number of African looking negroes is growing steadily less. During the period of slavery and afterwards, the negro women have been willingly or unwillingly mated with white men. The mere fact that the white man had no respect for negro women has resulted in a kind of poetic justice. His lack of respect has made it now so that there are no more black women, but only mulattoes, anywhere from half white to thirty-one thirty-seconds white, at which stage it is not very easy to tell whether there is any Ethiopian strain left at all.

The mixture still goes on. I remember with what a shock I observed, for the first time, as I

walked along the country roads, that all negro women I met left the road on their first sight of me, and went way out around, ready to flee at any sign of pursuit by me. Afterwards I got used to that, as I also became accustomed to the frank boasting of the white boys wherever I stopped, among whom leadership seemed to descend upon him who could count the most "nigger wenches on his string."

Another thing you begin to notice, is that the mulattoes are crowding the white business men. There are a lot of little retail stores and shops being opened by the mulatto. The mulatto buys a little land where he can. If he is very light in color, he poses as white and avoids the worst of the persecution. He is hardy, he stands the climate better than the white. He has energy, more than the white man has in this subtropical climate.

And still another thing you see, in the industrial sections of the South, the white labor unions are beginning to realize that the negro and the mulatto can do a white man's work. They can run machinery, truck cargo and dig mines. The white unions, filled with the petty bourgeois notions that abound in that part of the country, clinging to all the hopes and ideals of the white race, insisting on white supremacy just as vigorously as the white employer, are beginning to be worried. It is all right to declare that you are a one hundred per cent K. K. K., and that by the God of White men, no dirty animal-like negro is going to get into the good old A. F. of L. International Brotherhood of Skilled Craftsmen. You can feel fine and supreme about that, until your boss gives you the air, and puts one of these "animal-like" negroes in your place. Then you may try to lynch the negro, but after a while the fact sinks into your consciousness that the boss regards him as your equal—considers both of you merely as a source of labor power, and incites you to keep him out of your union, approves of your attempts at race segregation, merely to keep the negro's wages down and be able to replace you with the negro.

In all the bigger cities of the South, New Orleans, Birmingham, Atlanta, Savannah, the theory of se-



Crowded School House

gregation is collapsing. The negro is gradually being admitted to the unions, under restrictions usually; or where he is not, the union is disappearing, throwing whites and blacks alike into the same common pool, the labor market for unorganized labor.

Civilization, industry, and biology alike operate

to break down the race lines, and in the end they will have their way. But the white master class of the South is putting up a furious contest. Its economic security depends on keeping the black and white races quarreling, and it has accomplished much.

SECTION III—THE BLACKS STRUGGLE

The first definite breach in the wall of oppression came on the educational field. The passion for learning among the common, field negroes of the South is amazing. The Southern white landlords, who control the agricultural states of the South just as their capitalist brothers control the industrial states of the North, realize quite well that one secret of domination is to keep the dominated group in ignorance. This prevents easy communication between individuals, prevents knowledge of the struggles of labor outside of the South, and permits all sorts of prejudices, especially religious prejudices, to be implanted among the negroes, doping them, and dividing them.

So there are very few schools for negroes. As I walked through Alabama, as good a state as any in the South in the way of negro education, I made a special study of this feature of negro life. The country schools provided for negro children are few and far between. I remember one, typical of the best, close to the main road from Meridian to Montgomery. It was an old and shattered church building—they still held church services there on Sunday. The floor had many boards missing; you had to tread carefully on the boards that were left. The walls were built of logs, with chinks between them. The roof leaked; there was mud under the floor, where the water ran down. The children sat on every sort of stool and chair you could think of, and many sat on blocks of wood. They were crowded as thick as sardines, about twenty of them in a single room, and this was only half. At noon these children were to go home, and another twenty were to come for the rest of the day.

This double shift stunt was a shock to me. It was not until I came to Chicago that I could believe that it was done anywhere else than in the last century Southland. The teacher who had charge of this swarming mass of children was not a normal school graduate, not even a high school graduate, just an eighth grade graduate. A beneficent county had selected her, probably because she was docile, and religious, and not for her intellectual equipment. It paid her thirty dollars a month to teach forty children, of all ages and degrees of ignorance. She was doing the best she could, but I don't think the youngsters were learning much.

* * *

That is what the state of the Southern Gentleman will do for the sake of education among his slaves. The negro himself does more. In the outskirts of Demopolis, Alabama, there is a fairly good, six-room house, in a fairly large yard. It is not exactly

the best type of building for a school house, but it is decidedly better than those dilapidated ex-churches the state provides. A very energetic, thick-bodied, pleasant-faced negro teacher is in the yard, the first instance I saw in the South of school playground supervision. On the porch, and seated at desks inside, are the rest of the faculty, very busy, for this school too is evidently overcrowded.

I am invited in, when I explain that I am interested in negro schools. The bell rings, doors are thrown open, all the interior rooms are thrown into one. There is an assembly of all the students. And the work starts with a song, a negro "spiritual". The "spirituals" are all religious, but no worse than the Wesleyan hymns that are sung in the Southern state schools. The selection of this indigenous negro song, and its substitution for the regular church hymn, show two things, first that the negro is not ready to abandon his religion, but secondly that he is not anxious to take the white man's variety unquestioned. There was a certain amount of race patriotism, perhaps of social protest, in that "spiritual".

Then class room work begins—not under anywhere near such bad conditions as in the regular public schools. The floor is all right, the children sit in regular school seats and write on the standard slanted desk—the teachers give as much personal attention as is possible with the small teaching force, which runs about one instructor to every twenty-five children instead of one to every forty. The two-shift system is not in use. The teachers, I find on enquiry, are all high school graduates. The principle has had a course of pedagogy at a Northern university. One of the other teachers is a college graduate. One has studied at Tuskegee. Not a bad school, though the teachers' wages are low.

And how was this school maintained? Not by the white master class of Alabama. Oh, no. There was a big club, of the parents of negro children of school age. These parents worked farms on shares, for enough to live on, and sold the corn meal they should have eaten to raise the money for dues in their Parents' Association. Or they worked on plantations for wages, usually a dollar and a half a day, and raised a couple of dollars a week out of that, for dues to the Parents' Association. This Parents' Association was the financier and manager of the school I saw, the best negro school in the South, though others are being organized now, I understand, in other cities and in the country districts.

This is the struggle of the negro proletariat to

gain knowledge. There is nothing revolutionary about it, they are still willing to cringe to the white master; the school stationery carried a whole list of white patrons and protectors, and the school itself was very careful to confine its activities to elementary education and avoid dangerous topics. But the school itself was a symbol of rebellion, of successful revolution, against the master class tactics of ignorance for the negroes, and shows certain forces at work.

Tuskegee, the negro college, financed by northern business men, liberals, is not nearly so significant. Undoubtedly, however, the Tuskegee institute does its little part in breaking down the barrier of ignorance. The young negro who can read, even if the sloppy sentimentality of Booker T. Washington was the thing that taught him to read, is likely to be some kind of a rebel, either a racial or a social revolutionist.

SECTION IV—CLASS WAR OR RACE WAR

Before long the negro is going to fight. That fact is growing more obvious all the time. The race has been so badly abused that it feels it cannot sink much deeper. Its members have literally nothing to lose, not even their lives, for these are forfeit already. Even in their abasement, the toll of lynchings and plain murders, never recorded in the papers, is outrageous. It is only, as we said once before, when something like the Williams farm affair comes to light, that much stir is made about these matters. In the coming battle the class and the race issues are confused, deliberately confused, by the ruling white oligarchy. This keeps the two issues confused in the minds of the white workers, and of the negro workers themselves. The rising fire of negro rebellion is as likely to sweep over the white worker as it is likely to scorch the white master. The white worker's foolishness is mostly to blame for this, next to the vicious and false propaganda of the conservative oligarchy. The white worker has failed to do a single thing to explain the true situation to the negro worker. On the contrary, he has, especially in the South, barred him from the unions until the last possible moment, and has even then refused him any measure of comradeship or of fellowship. As long as the white worker clings to the shreds and dregs of bourgeois racial pride, he can not expect the negro worker to be so very anxious to show solidarity with him.

The Garvey movement, the middle-class and professional class negro Sanhedrin held last summer in Chicago, are the first steps toward a race-war, perhaps a very bloody and terrible race-war, and, as far as achieving any lasting benefit for the negro worker is concerned, almost a useless war, since it will put the negro worker under the negro capitalist, where he will be nearly as badly off as he was under the white capitalist.

What we have to do is to prove to the negro that he is not so much exploited as a negro, as he is rob-

A brief conversation with one of the retail storekeepers in the town of Tuskegee satisfied me of this. Here was a family that was making good money out of the presence of Tuskegee Institute. In fact, their town would have amounted to absolutely nothing without the institute.

And the good burger admitted this at once. "Yes, that niggah college brings a lot of trade to the stoah—but don' it look like an awful waste of good money, spending it on them young bucks an' black wenches that way! Seems like the folks in the No'th would have something bettah to do with they-uh money! Education spiles a niggah!"

That's the attitude of the Southern white towards the negro's attempt at self-education, and undoubtedly they are right, from their class point of view. Education does spoil the negro as a slave. It gives him somewhat of a true idea of his position and he reacts.

bed as a worker. In general, the whites own, and the negroes work. They work twelve hours a day on the plantations, for enough of the crop to live on. Those are the tenant farmers. Or they work twelve hours or longer, for wages running from \$1.50 per day down to fifty cents a day. Those are the laborers. In the sawmills and logging camps, they get a little more, perhaps \$2 or \$2.50 per day. In the mines they do piece work, and possibly make \$3 per day.

But a lot of the work in the South, all the public work, much of the farm labor, is done for no wages at all. It is done under the form of law, called in "Barbarous Mexico" of the Diaz period "peonage". Or it is done by negroes enslaved through the vagrancy laws. All the temporarily unemployed inhabitants of the South who do not own property are guilty of vagrancy. The laws are very sweeping and general in character. But it is only when there is need for recruits on the county farms that these laws are enforced. Or when some big plantation needs labor.

One such plantation owner south of Atlanta told me how it worked. He didn't have any labor problem. When he wanted men, he didn't go out on the "skid road" (they call it something else down there) and hunt for men, or patronize the employment shark. He called up the sheriff, and said, "Bert, I need twenty niggahs this afternoon."

"All right," says Bert.

And that afternoon the planter would go into town and attend court. There would be a mass of worried, woe-begone negroes, arrested for "vagrancy". They would be sentenced to eleven months and twenty-nine days, and sentence commuted if they could find some one to stand their bail and act as parole officer for them. Up steps the planter, and there are his workers, handed over to him by the law.

He pays them a dollar or two a week if he cares



THE BOYS IN SAN QUENTIN

This is a group of San Quentin prisoners. Members of the I. W. W. who are identifiable in this photograph are marked with crosses. These men have done nothing wrong; no crime but that of joining the union of their class is charged against them. They are flung into this state penitentiary as a result of master class hatred. It is necessary for all workers to show that they are not forgotten. Send your donation to Class War Prisoners' Christmas Fund, General Defense, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago.

to, or nothing, if he doesn't think they deserve anything, and if any one of them tries to run away, the sheriff is ordered to catch the fellow and bring him back. Any time any of them fail to work properly, they are turned in to the court again and put on the chain gang, building road, or put on the county farm. I used to pass hundreds of these chain gangs, anywhere from fifty to half a thousand men, all fastened with short chains to a long chain, one end of which was attached to a big iron ball. They worked mighty hard and fast, under the broiling sun, with guards sitting over them and carelessly swinging shotguns about. Also, the mortality was high in these chain gangs.

The farmer lost nothing by turning these men over to the state or county, because the work they did reduced his taxes. He stood to win, one way or the other. And the worker stood to lose.

Now this is capitalistic feudalism, and something like chattel slavery. The white landowner, lacking negro labor, would treat white labor in the same way. The fact that the worker and the master have different colored skins merely confuse the issue,

but should not obscure it entirely. As a matter of fact, when work is really plentiful, and the negro, because of migration or for some other reason, is scarce, the white masters of the South do enslave through the vagrancy laws white workers. Remember the Martin Tabert case?

What we have to do is to help these workers, negro workers, in their struggle for elementary education, and recognize them as equals, as producers, as co-workers, as good as any other workers. It is not our business to encourage race-wars, but if such wars break out, we ought to be on the side of the negro. And all the time, we have to emphasize, and prove over and over again, that white labor is not at war with black labor, that on the contrary white labor sympathizes with black labor, and will show solidarity with it, and will fight the masters, whether white or not, side by side with black labor, any time the latter wishes. What we want, and what will save the negro worker, even as it saves the white worker, is a recognition of class-war—open class war.

"The Scum of Industry"

An Answer, By CHARLES J. SMITH

A recent issue of the Machinists Monthly Journal carries an article a page and a half long, written by Matthew O. Tobriner, entitled "California and Syndicalism." Tobriner is opposed to the anti-labor C. S. law, his conclusions being, "Such laws eliminate no causes of the trouble; accomplish only one thing—the aggravation of the problem."

Tobriner's analysis leading up this conclusion is, however, a sentimental fallacy, comparing the I. W. W. to the flotsam and jetsam of the sea of industry, and to the dirt in a kitchen which, he advises, should be cleaned "with Dutch Cleanser," meaning, "make conditions better in industry, and thus rid us of the I. W. W."

In the article below Tobriner is answered by Fellow Worker Charles J. Smith, serving time as a victim of this same criminal syndicalism persecution.

LET us investigate the industries and their unemployed, or "scum." What is the cause of all this "scum?" Is it not a fact that the progress of the machine development is the cause of the unemployed "scum" of industry?

You, Mr. Tobriner, say of this scum, that from it the Industrial Workers of the World secures its membership; you also say they are men who have not developed and cannot develop under the present system.

I will show you that we are more developed mentally than you and your kind in regards to unionism and the betterment of the working class as a world class struggle. We organize scientific industrial unions to keep up with the scientific machine development, while you, with your backward craft unions, go backward instead of forward.

We are organizing scientific industrial unions regardless of the persecutions, always going ahead regardless of jails, tar and feathers, scalding hot coffee poured on little children by the K. K. K., and lynching of our fellow workers. Our enemies, the master class, are paying men (excuse me for calling them men) to get into the I. W. W. to cause internal trouble, to try to stop the growth of the One Big Union. There is a force driving us to the "One Big Union."

Could we overcome all these obstacles, if there were not some force driving us forward, pushing us on, in spite of every hindrance, in spite of our own mistakes, even? That force is economic necessity, the greatest force in the world. It will yet bring us and our idea victory, in spite of everything.

If the craft union officials and leaders had taught the workers to organize on industrial lines long ago, we would not have this so-called "scum" of industry, for we would not now have unemployment.

But the craft union leaders sold out the workers in times of strikes, instead of staying with the

workers and being true to the working class.

Now, Mr. Tobriner, "how come" that the master makes laws that put I. W. W. members in jail for from one to fourteen years? How well we know, and any thinking person knows, that if we get the workers organized in the I. W. W., the master will lose his profits. Our past history shows that we "got the goods" for the workers in the harvest, on construction jobs, and in the woods.

Our forefathers fought for new ideas and went to the front, and Darwin's early ancestors came out of the woods with their big clubs and had courage enough to face their enemies, and so it is with the I. W. W. We will come out of the woods with our One Big Union club, and face our enemies—the masters.

You say ninety per cent of us are itinerant, (migratory workers) going from job to job. We know that we have to work for our living and we have to go where the work is, that's true necessity, it forces us to migrate.

It is always the migratory worker and blanket stiffs who build the railroad and do all frontier work; and the harvest stiff who has to harvest the wheat in the hot sun. Now, if the migratory worker did not build the railroads and do all the out of the way labors of all kinds, you and the machinists, engineers and trainmen would have to do that work before you could run your engines and work at your trade. So why all the slams at the poor hard-working stiffs?

It is no disgrace to work in the harvest fields or construction jobs or to be a timber worker, but it is a disgrace to have a system of society in the world, with rotten bunks, rotten pay, rotten food, and rotten women, and damned rotten men, who try to stop the growth of Industrial Scientific Unionism.

We will keep on organizing the migratory workers and timber wolves and stiffs, and we will show the world how to do away with this so-called "scum of industry."

WOBBLES

THE MISSING LINK (Unfortunately no longer missing)

By JMA DUBB

Now Darwin's theory is profound
And reading you will find
How man rose up from off the ground
In Evolution's grind.

But I think old Darwin must have lost
A specimen or two;
Maybe their breed was somewhat crossed.
But now they've come to view.

You'll find them now in saw-mills
In the woods and on the grade,
The farmer's help when land he tills
When it's a hundred in the shade.

He says he's never seen the day
That he would organize;
He sits around and waits his pay
And thinks that he is awful wise.

He's decorated all his bunk
With pictures in the nude;
The Hollywood beauties and such junk
His simple mind delude.

When payday comes the union man
Puts stamps upon his card;
He tries to help out all he can,
Each oppressed one is his pard.

But Henry Shears, whose money is burning
A hole in his pocket so worn,
Must find a chance for turning
His ten dollar bill into more.

The Crown and Anchor he tries to buck;
His buck it is immense.
He cries: "My God, what rotten luck!
I'm left with fifty cents."

From pay to pay, this way he goes
Bucking the game of chance,
Working for what? God only knows,
Maybe, to line the tin-horn's pants.

Easy come, easy go,
Is a moral, I understand,
But when a man works hard for dough
How comes it to slip from his hands.

"A man's a man for a' that"
Wrote Robbie Burns, the Scot,
But sometimes I stop and wonder if
This specimen's a man or not.

But on with the good old O. B. U.
We'll educate them yet;
And show the boss a thing or two
And call the Missing Link's last bet.

—wIw—

ACTION!

The new delegate is giving a hammer to each
new member.

Why the hammer?

O, that's to strike with.



Primitive Accumulation

MAYBE HE'LL BE PRESIDENT

A crabby millionaire, as he climbed out of his limousine, was approached by a newsboy. "No, I don't want any paper; get out!" he snarled.

"Well, keep your shirt on, boss," replied the newsboy, "the only difference between you and me is that you are making your second million and I am still working on my first."

—wIw—

MAKES YOU MORE OF A MAN

Ma, has Pa taken out a red card?

Yes. How did you know?

I heard him tell the boss, "Go to hell."

—wIw—

BY-PRODUCT

Experience is what you get while you are looking for something else.

—wIw—

This one comes from Miles McCabe, G. O. C. of I. U. 110.

During a free speech fight in Sioux City, Iowa, a few years ago a fellow worker who was working in the harvest came into town on a train and immediately went down to the corner where the fight was in progress. Upon arriving there and seeing no one on the box, and thinking they were all in jail, he got up on the box himself. Throwing out his hand in a majestic way, he said, "Fellow workers and friends."

A slight pause and then again: "Fellow workers and friends!"

Another pause, as he looked around expectantly, and then he said, in an aggravated tone, "Say! Where in hell's that bull?"

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER